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The Literary Week.

THE end of the great task of writing the *Life of Gladstone*, and of examining the library of documents and letters, to which Mr. John Morley has devoted some years of his life, is in sight. It is hoped that the three volumes, which have been found necessary in order to include all the material, will be published next autumn.

THE official life of Lord Beaconsfield has not yet, we believe, been assigned to any writer. Lord Rowton, with whom the matter rests, still delays. Meanwhile, an offer has lately been made to a well-known journalist and student of Lord Beaconsfield's works and career to write a popular life.

BEFORE the close of the month Mr. Herbert Spencer proposes to issue a new volume entitled *Facts and Comments*. It will make a volume of 200 pages.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN'S new volume, *The Watcher by the Threshold and Other Tales*, has a dedication to a friend written "at sea" when the author was on his way to take up his appointment as one of Lord Milner's secretaries. The last clause of the dedication runs, "Meantime, to you, who have chosen the better part, I wish many bright days by hill and lock in the summers to come." We trust that this note of regret was but due to the "at sea" where it was written.

THE career of M. Aurelien Scholl, the witty French writer who died, according to the *Chronicle*, from "the blundering operation of a corn-cutter acting upon a

weakened diabetic constitution," may be summarised thus. His brilliant *chroniques* made the *Figaro* famous; he founded *Le Nain Jaune* and *Satan*; he wrote *L'Art de Rendre les Femmes Fidèles*; his skill with the rapier was almost unrivalled; he wounded a "terrible adversary," Paul de Cassagnac, in the breast; he was for a time one of the fiery spirits of the Boulangist movement, and—he married Miss Irene Perkins, daughter of the well-known brewer.

To the *North American Review*, Mark Twain contributes one of his humorous, sensible articles on the question, "Does the Race of Man Love a Lord?" The answer is contained in the last paragraph: "All the human race loves a lord—that is, it loves to look upon or be noticed by the possessor of Power or Conspicuousness; and sometimes animals, born to better things and higher ideals, descend to man's level in this matter. In the Jardin des Plantes I have seen a cat that was so vain of being the personal friend of an elephant that I was ashamed of her."

The Testament of an Empire Builder is the third poem in the series of Testaments, which Mr. John Davidson is publishing. The poem is preceded by a prose parable in which Mr. Davidson appeals against recent personal attacks upon himself.

"DEALING with a subject which has never before been treated in fiction, and intimately touching on certain topics which have been for some time uppermost in the minds of many people." In this guarded manner (the title is withheld), Miss Marie Corelli's publishers inform us of the approach of her new romance.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL concludes his interesting introduction to *Jane Eyre*, the first volume in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's intended complete edition of Charlotte Brontë's works, with the following remarks:—"Very few can compare with Charlotte Brontë in the art of expression, but she owns no master. She is one great example of the truth that style is not the result of reading, but of thinking. As Mr. Morley has said: 'It is not the assiduous cultivation of style as such, but the cultivation of the intellect and feeling which produces good writing. Style comes of brooding over ideas, not over words.' Not that she neglected words. She constantly studied their effect—chose and rejected them after much consideration. But her main business was to string them as on an electric chain." As Dr. Nicoll is writing on style, he will pardon us for objecting to his last sentence, in which we fancy he has momentarily brooded over words rather than ideas.

THE eleven supplementary volumes to the 9th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the first volume of which will include more than 10,000 articles by more than 1,000 contributors, 150 full-page plates, 125 coloured maps, and 2,300 other illustrations. The eleven volumes

will be published at, approximately, monthly intervals. The Editors-in-chief are Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, President Hadley of Yale University, and Mr. Hugh Chisholm.

EVERY play-goer will be interested in the re-appearance of Miss Olga Nethersole. It is certain that she has never yet displayed her talent to proper advantage. She fell into melodramatic methods, accepted once, which are now found unendurable, and she cultivated certain mannerisms which disfigured a charming, mobile face, and destroyed the clearness of a particularly sympathetic voice. But lately, in America, she has made a deep impression by a natural and unforced style of acting—rather in the manner of Duse and Rejane, yet by no means an imitation of either.

"SAPHO" is an adaptation, by Mr. Clyde Fitch, of Daudet's great novel. The story is painful, but severely moral. It is incomparably finer than "Zaza"—which was ruined by a preposterous, sentimental last act. Daudet was uncompromising: he did not tinker at his work in order to please the vanity of actors and the hypocrisy of a modern audience. This fatal concession to bad taste is the cause, possibly, of so many recent failures on the stage. Plays are hacked about and altered at the suggestion of everyone—from the call-boy to the advertisement agent.

WE are informed from over the water that a Boston publisher is about to issue, in a small limited edition, "The Service," a hitherto unpublished essay by Henry Thoreau. The essay is the work of Thoreau's early period, and was written for *The Dial*, but rejected by that organ's first editor, Margaret Fuller, because not "sufficiently deferential to conventionalities of style" and "too imperious in tone." It will be remembered that for some years Thoreau was known to the world chiefly through his contributions to *The Dial*, later numbers of which he helped to edit. He was always sure as to the influence for good exerted by this transcendental organ, saying of a special number: "It perspires thought and feeling." The essay deals not with nature, but with human life: "In a high-phrased fashion, disdainful of the meagre, the commonplace, the cowardly plane of action, he views the possibilities of man, obliterating human distinctions of time and space and presenting the earnest warrior for truth and the high attainments of the soul." The volume will be edited, with an introductory note, by Frank Sanborn, whose name is closely associated in every way with that of Thoreau.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Nation* sends to that paper a new FitzGerald letter, written to the late Mr. Fitzedward Hall. It deals, as will be seen, with the review of FitzGerald's version of the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus which appeared in the *Nation*:—

WOODBRIDGE: June 14, '77.

MY DEAR SIR—Thank you for the "Nation," which I return you, as you desire: sooner than I sh^d do were it not that some one (I know not who:) had sent it to me before. So I have had ample time to digest myself. Perhaps I ought not to acknowledge that I think the Review just, seeing that it's praise so much overweighs it's blame; but I do think so, nevertheless; & am yet not intoxicated (at my all but 70 years of Age) with the credit given me for so far succeeding in re-producing other men's Thoughts; which is all I have tried to do. I know that many others w^d. have done as well—and any Poet better—had they as much Leisure, & Inclination, for such work as I have had.

I have also seen the *Atlantic*; wh. I have taken in for two years on account of my friend M^r. Kemble's "Gossip"

which I am sorry to find is discontinued since she has returned to England.

I believe it is from no personal prejudice that I think American Reviews of English Books are apt to be juster than English of English. The Critics are removed from the Authors they criticize: from the Clubs, & Coteries, & Editors, who are for them, or against; & so can judge independently: wh. is scarce possible otherwise. So I maintain that we Country folks are—*ceteris paribus*—better Judges than the Londoners; for the same reason; & I see that Wilson—(Chr: North) said the same of Scotch Critics t. N. P. Willis. "The opinion of one quiet, intelligent Country Parson was worth them all," he said.

My Versions, such as they are, were originally all privately printed to give to Friends: & these two have found their way into public; I mean Omar K. & King Agamemnon—the Latter of whom remains to be slain anew, or trodden over, by our *Athenæums*, & *Academies*, I dare say. I have never sent a Copy to any but such Friends as I have spoken of; and to two or three American Gentlemen who took an interest in the Books. The Price they are published at—not my doing—pre-supposes only a small Sale, & seems to me ridiculously high. All which only means—"Will you have one?" I venture this, as you have been polite enough to send me it's Praises from among my Patrons in America.

Yours truly

E. FITZGERALD.

P. S. I re-post the Paper in the cover it came in, so as to make sure of it's finding you as clean as tileft.

MARK TWAIN's new work will be called *A Double-barrelled Detective Story*. A young wife is inhumanly treated by her husband, who sets bloodhounds upon her track. Later it is discovered that her child possesses the scent of a bloodhound. The woman is overjoyed at the discovery, and developing the power in the child in every possible way, she finally sends him out into the world to track down and punish his father. Then with the introduction of Sherlock Holmes the fun begins. One of the characters is called Ham Sandwich.

WE take from an American journal the following advertisement of a novel, omitting the title of the book and the names of the papers:—

There is no need for us to say much about this book or its author. Others are saying it for us. When such critics as the and the and the in England; and the and in America compare to Aeschylus, Balzac, Stevenson, Flaubert, and Thomas Hardy, what remains for the publishers to add?

At one time, before the book was "discovered," we had hundreds of copies piled up in our stock-room. These were first editions. We have none left now. If we had we could sell them at a premium, an unheard-of thing for an American imprint of a British book. But you can get a sixth edition at present, and some edition at any time, for will be a live book years from now.

COMMENTING on our recent remark that Maeterlinck has almost become tiresome by appreciation, and that Gorky is in a fair way to suffer extinction under his own "boom," the *New York Times* and *Saturday Review* says:—"This, unfortunately, seems to be the true, unvarnished state of the case. But we do not see how it can be remedied. Geniuses as yet unborn are doomed to be blighted in the same way, until the eternal feminist and the pseudo-scholar shall be made to realise that admiration for the work of genius does not necessarily carry with it a God-given power for exposition and criticism."

A LITTLE while ago we ventured to suggest, in play, yet partly in earnest, that Mr. H. C. Bradley had omitted Mr.

Meredith's "poetic" *leg* from his consideration of that word in the *New English Dictionary*. In our excellent contemporary *Notes and Queries* there is now appearing a formidable list of "Additions to the N. E. D." which is of considerable interest. It has been compiled by Mr. J. Dormer, and it has filled several columns of *Notes and Queries*, though it has gone no further than Butt-joint, which, as a verb, is marked "not in." Some of Mr. Dormer's notes are very interesting. Here are a few:—

Backage (not in).—1894, Du Maurier, 'Trilby,' in *Harper's Mag.*, June, p. 68.

Bask (later).—1894, S. R. Crockett, 'Raiders,' p. 24, "It was a bask day in early spring."

Bathmism (not in).—1887, E. D. Cope, 'Origin of Fittest,' in Wallace, 'Darwinism,' p. 421, "A special developmental force termed 'bathmism,' or growth force."

Bindles (not in).—1890, F. Anstey Guthrie, 'The Pariah,' p. 192, "Bindles, my dear fellow! . . . Sheer bindles."

Biograph (not in).—1898, *Brit. Journ. Photog. Alm.*, p. 655, "The exhibition of animated photographs on a larger scale than usual, by the biograph, the invention of an American, Mr. Casler."

Birling (not in).—1829, Glover, 'Hist. Derby,' i. 213, "The long tails of the male sheep are separately sheared; and the wool, which is called birling or belting, is sold for carpet-making."

Bensilling (not in, cf. Bense).—1894, Crockett, 'Raiders,' p. 74, "The bensilling wind off the Baltic lands."

Brime (not in, cf. Briming).—1893, R. Kipling, 'Many Inventions,' p. 11, "Dowse could see him of a clear night, when the sea brimed, climbing about the buoys, with the sea-fire dripping off him."

Bull, v.—1831, Trelawny, 'Advent. Younger Son' (1890), ch. lxviii. p. 286, "His messmates having bulled an empty rum cask, that is.....put in a gallon of water, there to remain, with an occasional roll, for twenty-four hours, when it turns out good stiff grog."

We all know that Mr. Peshkov (the same is Gorky) has been tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, and what not. At the risk of magnifying Gorky's "boom" at the expense of himself we will quote a story which may be regarded as a cross-section of his career. It is told by a Mr. Bezobidny in a Russian paper, and reaches us via *Free Russia*. M. Bezobidny was engaged in the goods department of the Gryazi-Tsaritsin railway line, where several intelligent "paupers" came to ask for work. Among those who found employment there was also A. M. Peshkov (M. Gorky). This is how Mr. Bezobidny relates the incident:—

He came to us towards the end of autumn. His clothing consisted of mere "rags," as it were. How he managed to travel all that way, and in that cold autumn in his light summer suit, and that not in its "first youth" either, God only knows. As ill-luck would have it there was no vacancy for a weigher, and he was not fitted to be a clerk. We conferred about this under the presidentship of the head of the goods department, and Gorky, too, was admitted to this conference, but only with the right of a consulting voice. But no matter how long we talked things over, nothing came of it; there was no vacancy for a weigher, and it was nowhere to be got.

"You would have to wait awhile," we said to the newcomer.

"Perhaps he would not mind taking a watchman's post?" someone suggested. A watchman's place could most probably be found in some goods dépôt or other.

We glanced at each other.

"Perhaps just for a time, until a vacancy for a weigher turns up," we hesitatingly agreed.

"Certainly, I would—with pleasure!" Mr. Peshkov replied cheerfully and decidedly. "Even if it's for one day . . ."

I cast a glance at his suit and smiled.

"Well, as to clothes, that's a minor matter, they can be bought," he answered my doubtful look.

We agreed, and Mr. Peshkov, on receiving a certain sum in "advance" for the purchase of a more suitable costume, presented himself the very same day towards the evening at our office, dressed in a short sheep skin coat and with felt boots on his feet.

"And a cap too I have bought," he said, "as well as warm gloves. Now there only remains to get a good strong club."

We all laughed heartily, and handing him a written certificate as to his engagement as watchman we sent him away to his destination.

Quite accidentally I have still got some of his little notes written on slips of paper with brief descriptions of his life and "activity" on the railway line in the capacity of watchman.

But the pearl of his productions of that time consists in the following little note addressed to me:—

"I live here, well, as heretofore; have made friends with my colleagues (the watchmen), my duties I have learned to perfection, and am carrying them out with accuracy. The station-master is satisfied with me and as a mark of his good disposition towards and confidence in me, he entrusts me with the duty of emptying all the kitchen slops every morning. Please let me know whether it is part of my immediate duties to carry the slops from the station-master's kitchen?"

After some time, Mr. Peshkov was promoted to the post of caretaker of the railway brooms . . .

"Why study a great poet at all after the manner of the dissecting-room? Why not rather seek to make the acquaintance of his living soul, and to feel its power?" That is the burden of a refreshing article on "Literary Values" which Mr. John Burroughs, that graceful American essayist, contributes to the *Century Magazine*. "Young men and young women actually go to college to take a course in Shakespeare, or Chaucer, or Dante, or the Arthurian legends. The course becomes a mere knowledge course. My own first acquaintance with Milton was through an exercise in grammar. We parsed *Paradise Lost*. Much of the current college study of Shakespeare is little better than parsing him. The class falls upon the text like hens upon a bone in winter; no meaning of word or phrase escapes them, every line is literally picked to pieces; but of the poet himself, of that which makes him what he is, how much do they get? Very little, I fear. They have had an intellectual exercise, and not an emotional experience. They have added to their knowledge, but have not taken a step in culture." No, not even when they are aided by such a work as that on Shakespeare which we reviewed last week. Mr. Burroughs is great on the appreciation of single lines, like Wordsworth's

The last to parley with the setting sun;

or Whitman's

Oh! waves, I have fingered every shore with you;

or Emerson's

The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the wide, warm fields.

THE article on M. Anatole France in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review* is a rather brilliant piece of work. Certainly the opening passage is one that is likely to lead the reader on. It is as follows:—

In M. Octave Mirbeau's notorious novel, a novel which it would be complimentary to describe as naturalistic, the heroine is warned by her director against the works of M. Anatole France. "Ne lisez jamais du Voltaire . . . c'est un péché mortel . . . ni du Renan . . . ni de l'Anatole France. Voilà qui est dangereux." The names are appropriately united: a real, if not precisely

an apostolical, succession exists between the three writers. If it would be too much to say of Nature that—

"To make the third, she joined the former two,"

it is certain that the author of *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque* has much both of Voltaire and of Renan in his composition; without them he would have been other than he is. Nor is the prohibition of the director untrue to life; it is improbable that a spiritual adviser would recommend the works of M. Anatole France to those who consulted him as to their reading. If, indeed, these works are not on the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," it must be due to an oversight on the part of the Congregation charged with its compilation. For M. France is an inveterate disturber of the dogmatic slumber to which the natural man takes so kindly, and from which the Church is slow to rouse him. A living note of interrogation, he takes nothing for granted; he questions, speculates, criticises; his instinct leads him, if not to deny, at least to doubt. And his scepticism is of the insidious sort that cometh not with observation; it is conveyed in an apostrophe, a parable, an apologue, and is most dangerous when least obvious and least direct. "Pontius, te souvient-il de cet homme?" is the question put to the ex-Procurator of Judea with regard to the Central Figure of history. "Pontius Pilate fronça les sourcils et porta la main à son front comme quelqu'un qui cherche dans sa mémoire. Puis, après quelques instants de silence: 'Jésus,' murmura-t-il, 'Jésus, de Nazareth? Je ne me rappelle pas.'"

The passage quoted by the Edinburgh reviewer is from *L'Étui de Nacre*.

Bibliographical.

THE publication of Mr. J. C. Kenworthy's *Tolstoy, His Life and Works*, reminds us that, if the great Russian writer is not yet well known and understood in this country, it is not from lack of literature on the subject. So recently as 1900, Mr. Kenworthy gave us his account of a *Pilgrimage to Tolstoy*. Last year we had from Mr. Aylmer Maude a book on *Tolstoy, His Problems*, and from an anonymous writer a volume on his *Life and Teaching*. In 1900 appeared *Tolstoy, the Man of Peace*, by A. Stockham; in 1899, *Tolstoy, How He Lives and Works*, by P. A. Sergyeenko; in 1898, *Tolstoy, a Study*, by G. H. Perris; in 1897, *In the Land of Tolstoy*, by J. Stadling; and in 1895, *Tolstoy as Preacher*, by T. Harrison. Now, by way of exposition, this is not so bad. But it is not all. In 1888, a *Life of Tolstoy*, translated by Isabel Hapgood from the Russian, was published in New York and circulated in England. Tolstoy's autobiographical writings have also been freely circulated among us. A volume called *Reminiscences* appeared here in 1886, when another named *What I Believe* came over from New York, to be reprinted in 1895. From New York came also *My Confession* (1887), and the *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth of Tolstoy*, published here in 1888, was reprinted in 1890.

No literary biography should appear without a bibliography, and I regret that Sir T. Wemyss Reid's *Life of William Black* is destitute of that indispensable feature, the more so as a complete list of Black's publications in their various editions would not have taken very long to compile. Sir Wemyss mentions most of Black's books in his text, but I miss any reference to *Pisistratus, M.P.*, in the *Highlands* (1871), *The Maid of Killeena and Other Stories* (1874), *Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart*, etc. (1876), *Adventures in Thule* (a book for boys, 1883), *The Wise Woman of Inverness* (1885), and, most notable omission of all, the volume on Goldsmith contributed by Black to the "English Men of Letters" series. This last, to be

sure, was one of the weakest books in the series, but some allusion to it should have been made.

That Black's first book was a story called *James Merle*, published at Glasgow in 1864, is, I suspect, news to most people. *Love or Marriage* (1868) has hitherto been accounted his first work. There is no copy of *James Merle* in the British Museum Library, and it would be interesting to know if any Glasgow or Edinburgh library possesses one. However poor the story may have been as literature, its biographical interest is great.

Sir Walter Besant, describing in his *Autobiography* the Cambridge of his day, says: "The younger dons had begun to travel; in the famous tour—is it still famous?—of 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson,' one at least of the three was a Cambridge man. They took reading parties to the Lakes and into Scotland—is Clough's poem, his long-vacation pastoral, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, still remembered?" The latter question can be answered with some definiteness, seeing that the *Bothie* was reprinted half a dozen years ago in the "Canterbury Poets," and may be supposed, therefore, to have its quantum of readers. It is not generally known, I think, that when the poem first appeared—in 1848—the locale of the *Bothie* was named "Tober-na-Fuosich." Trollope's *Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, by *One of the Firm*, came out originally in the *Cornhill*, and dates back to 1870. I should doubt if it were much read now. Why, by the way, did Sir Walter think it worth while to print Calverley's *Pickwick* examination paper in full? For many years past the paper has figured at the end of Calverley's *Fly-Leaves*, and is therefore tolerably well known.

In reprinting Moir's *Mansie Wauch*, Messrs. Methuen have gone a little way out of the beaten track, and are therefore to be commended. The story, however, has not been at all inaccessible of recent years. Putting aside Messrs. Blackwood's edition (at 3s. 6d.) of 1881, we have their edition (at 2s. 6d.) in 1895, and their editions (at 1s. 6d. and 6d.) in 1898. These two last had the illustrations by Cruikshank. Nevertheless, the new Methuen *Mansie Wauch* is welcome. Welcome, too, is W. Murray's new and cheap edition of Darwin's abbreviated *Life*, which, since its appearance in 1892, has been obtainable at 7s. 6d. only. This is distinctly a step in the right direction.

The forthcoming *Life of John William Walshe, F.S.A.*, is, it is said, a romance, not a biography (though sometimes, of course, biography is romance in more senses than one). I venture to deprecate such titles for the purposes of fiction. They put too great a strain upon the poor compilers of catalogues. This *Life of J. W. W.* is sure to figure somewhere among biographies. Glancing the other day through an American guide to historical fiction, I found noted, among stories of the Stuart period, a book called *The Merry Monarch*. But that book is an historical biography, not an historical novel. Alas, poor cataloguers!

A correspondent of mine desires to be put upon the track of a certain book of which, unhappily, he does not remember either the title or the author. All he can tell me is that in 1840 the said author chartered a steamboat, "Will o' the Wisp," from London to Memel, in Prussia, and that the volume contained verse on such subjects as "A Voyage to Quebec," "Devona," "The Poet's Remembrance of Days Gone By," "The British Tar," and so forth. It is thought that the book may have been published at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and, in that case, inquiry should be made of the local booksellers.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A "Clamorous, Frenzied Life."

Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century. By George Paston. (Richards, 10s. 6d.)

THE ordinary man has usually more ability than self-confidence. He under-rates his powers. A more vaulting ambition, a less scrupulous deference, would double his success. This disparity is rarely tragic, indeed it can hardly be so, since it makes for a career of moderate attainments. Tragedy may result from the opposite relation. When a man is persistently bolder than his powers warrant, when, in short, he is top-heavy with resolution, then—especially if the disproportion be extreme—he is likely to pass a stormy life, and at last run his sea-sick, weary bark upon the nearest rock. Such a man was Benjamin Robert Haydon, whose life and portrait provide the chief interest of George Paston's new volume of biographical vignettes. Haydon's life of enthusiasm and debt, of unconquerable energy and unconquered disaster, is about the saddest and most nerve-shaking reading in the lives of men.

Keats, who often put the right word on a man, told Haydon that he had a touch of Alexander in him. In Haydon's journal there was found, wafered in, what appeared to be a rough draft of a letter to Keats, which shows that this word went home. The young poet had replied as follows to one of Haydon's appeals for help (the correspondence has a moving reality):—

Believe me, Haydon, I have that sort of fire in my heart that would sacrifice everything I have to your service—I speak without any reserve—I know you would do so for me—I open my heart to you in a few words. I will do this sooner than you shall be distressed: but let me be the last stay.

Ask the rich lovers of Art first—I'll tell you why—I have a little money which may enable me to study, and to travel for three or four years . . . Try the long purses—but do not sell your drawings or I shall consider it a breach of friendship.

Haydon replied:—

I have no reason to complain of the lovers of Art. I have been liberally assisted; but when a man comes again with a tale of his ill health they don't believe him, my dear Keats; can I bear the thousandth part of a dry hesitation, the searching scrutiny of an apprehension of insincerity; the musing hum of a *sounding* question; the prying, petty, paltry, whining doubt, that is inferred from [a request] *for a day to consider!*—Ah, Keats, this is sad work for one of my soul and Ambition. The truest thing you ever said of mortal was that I had a touch of Alexander in me!

Success ebbed and flowed like the Solway round Haydon's door. It was at full when Lamb wrote:—

DEAR RAFFAELE HAYDON,—Did the maid tell you I came to see your picture? I think the face and bearing of the Bucephalus tamer ["Alexander taming Bucephalus"] very noble, his flesh too effeminate and painty. . . . I had small time to pick out praise or blame, for two lord-like Bucks came in, upon whose strictures my presence seemed to impose restraint; I plebeian'd off therefore.

It was at ebb when Haydon wrote in his own journal:—

Last year all was hope, exultation, and promise with me. My door was beset . . . it was an absolute fight to get in to see me paint . . . Mary and I in agony of mind. All my Italian books, and some of my best historical designs, are gone to a pawnbroker's. She packed up her best gowns and the children's, and I drove away with what cost me £40, and got £4. The state of degradation, humiliation, and pain of mind in which I sat in that dingy back-room is not to be described.

Yet this man had drawn all picture-lovers to the Water Colour Society to see his oil painting of the Judgment of Solomon; he had exhibited his Entry into Jerusalem in the Egyptian Hall, whither Mrs. Siddons came and in one tragic croak pronounced the head of Christ successful—leading all London in her train, and putting £1,300, in admission fees alone, into Haydon's pocket. His life had been full of such fierce triumphs, but the deep trough of the wave always succeeded its splendid advance. Never was a man so helped. He had only to enter the King's Bench prison to be fished out by his noble admirers, who bought back his casts and implements. Even his landlords, amazed by his pictures and quelled by his personality, remitted his rent for years together, and one restaurant keeper begged him with apologies to dine free until his next great picture was finished. Another landlord took pot-boilers as rent, and submitted to abuse when these failed. It was inevitable that Haydon's nice sense of honour should be blunted in his adventures and collisions with the world. He started a school of art which was attended by the Landseer brothers and other promising youths, but when he began to induce his pupils to sign accommodation bills the end was near, and it soon came. He was forced to paint portraits, a thing for which he had neither skill nor stomach. He writes in his diary: "Finished one cursed portrait—have only one more to touch, and then I shall be free. I have an exquisite gratification in painting portraits wretchedly. I love to see the setters look as if they thought, 'Can this be Haydon's—the great Haydon's painting?' I chuckle. I am rascal enough to take their money, and chuckle more." This brings us near to Northcote's judgment of the man. He and Hazlitt talked about him, as they talked about everybody. Hazlitt thought he failed not so much from want of capacity as from attempting to bully the public into a premature or overstrained admiration; but probably Northcote went nearer with his remark that Haydon had no real love of painting for painting's sake. He was a hardened egotist, with none of that issuing virtue which in Lely and in Reynolds captivated by a glimpse of personality.

If Haydon's personality was one of confusing and repellent storm, it at least saves his autobiography and table-talk from dullness. But, indeed, Haydon's writings have positive merits. He knew the best men of his time, and his observation and vigour of expression provide excellent fare for the reader. Take this first-rate passage from his journal:—

Sir Walter Scott, Lamb, Wilkie, and Procter have been with me all the morning, and a delightful morning we have had. Scott operated on us like champagne and whisky mixed. . . . It is singular how success and the want of it operate on two extraordinary men, Walter Scott and Wordsworth. Scott enters a room and sits at table with the coolness and self-possession of conscious fame; Wordsworth with a mortified elevation of the head, as if fearful he was not estimated as he deserved. Scott can afford to talk of trifles, because he knows the world will consider him a good man who condescends to trifle; Wordsworth must always be eloquent and profound, because he knows that he is considered childish and puerile. . . . I think that Scott's success would have made Wordsworth insufferable, while Wordsworth's failures would not have rendered Scott a whit less delightful. Scott is the companion of Nature in all her moods and freaks, while Wordsworth follows her like an apostle, showing her solemn moods and impressions.

This by the way. The end came at last—fantastic and pitiful. Everything depended on the success of the exhibition of *The Banishment of Aristides* and *The Burning of Rome* by Nero in the Egyptian Hall. They were part of a series of designs for the decoration of the House of Lords which Haydon had worn himself out to produce and to lay before Ministers. It had all been in vain. But *vox populi, vox Dei*. The day of test and

triumph had come. They were placed in the Egyptian Hall at Easter. Alas! Tom Thumb was exhibiting his diminutiveness in the same building, and the man who had a touch of Alexander about him was neglected for the dwarf. Haydon lost more than a hundred pounds on his desperate venture; and he was sixty. Thirty years had gone by since the news of Waterloo had suggested to him the thought: "Have not the efforts of the nation been gigantic? To such glories she only wants to add the glories of my noble art to make her the grandest nation in the world, and these she shall have if God spare my life."

And now? Haydon's last written words were these:—

June 22nd.—God forgive me. Amen. Finis of B. R. Haydon. "Stretch me no longer on this rough world."—*Lear*.

He wrote this, and went to a gunmaker's in Oxford Street. He had asked his wife—whom he had passionately loved through all their years of endurance—to go and spend the day with a friend. . . . The news of Haydon's death convulsed the town, and a great wave of pity, not unmingled with self-reproach, passed through society. No one wrote of him more feelingly than his friend Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "His life was one long agony of self-assertion . . ." She was probably right in thinking that Haydon's money irritations were merely additional to his real trouble—disappointed ambition. The man was overloaded with hope, and burnt himself out in his mad meteor flight across the firmament.

We have expended our space on Haydon's life, for indeed it magnetises the attention. The rest of this book is dedicated to such mild folk as Lady Morgan, Nathaniel Parker Willis, and the Howitts. In all these sketches we find the same pleasant qualities which we noted in George Paston's earlier series of eighteenth century memoirs. The book is full of meat; though it has not that union of charm with compactness, of fluidity with variety, which Mr. Austin Dobson attains in such work.

Apologia pro Ecclesiâ suâ.

Religio Laici: a series of studies addressed to Laymen.

By the Rev. H. C. Beeching. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE essays here reprinted are of very unequal merit, and were, on the face of it, not written all at one time, nor, in the Latin rather than in the English sense of the word, with one animus. The essay on Christianity and Stoicism, with which the volume opens, seems to us indeed to have been hardly worth preserving, being, for the most part, a polemic against Matthew Arnold. We only mention it in passing to say that we wish Mr. Beeching had given us some authority for his astounding statement that the founders of the Stoic school were "not Greeks but Semites." Whatever may have been the case in Roman times, we believe that Semites had about as much chance of setting up a school of philosophy in Athens in the age of Alexander as negroes would now have of obtaining all the professorships in Harvard and Yale. After this come certain essays on Hooker, Donne, Herbert, and other Church worthies of the xvth century, which, although excellent from the literary point of view, seem only connected with the title of the book by the statement that their subjects all exhibit the "Anglican spirit." The remainder of the volume is taken up with essays on the ritual controversy, the Church and elementary education, the poverty of the clergy, and cognate subjects, and form together a temperate and reasoned defence of the position of the Church of England in such matters. It is to this remainder that we shall confine our remarks.

Let it be said at starting that Mr. Beeching seems to be, in most respects, extremely well qualified for the part of apologist. He is a writer, as the readers of his *Pages from*

a Private Diary know, of more than average grace and skill. As Professor of Pastoral Theology in that most Anglican of Anglican institutions, King's College, London, he must be assumed to have a full measure of the particular learning suited to his subject, and he gives throughout his essays evidence of a moderation and a breadth of view which are not always to be found on his, or perhaps on any other, side of the case. We may, therefore, suppose him to be fully qualified to make a fair presentation of the defence; and we are gratified to notice that in his statements on, for example, Ritualism, he will earn the assent of all but a few extremists. He is properly severe upon the foolishness which, in some churches, would prevent laymen, other than choristers—who, as he says, must be supposed to have received "the minor orders of exorcists"—from entering the chancel, and also on the use of words like "mass"; while he admits that "a small and possibly a growing party among both clergy and laity have entirely lost respect for the Protestant character of our Reformed Church, and that Roman ways and Roman dress are being imitated for no other reason than that they are Roman." Yet he does not consider ceremonies are a matter of indifference, thinks that "incense and processional lights" are "ancient and harmless customs," and points out that any fear of "idolatry," or the worship of images as gods, at this time of day may be safely left out of the question. On more serious matters he argues that Christianity without dogmas is impossible, and that there is a supernatural, though not a miraculous, Presence in the Eucharist. As for education, he claims that the "undenominational" religious instruction imparted in Board Schools is not a faith professed by any society, which is true enough. He also thinks that "religion is best taught to children in schools belonging to the denominations," and that Church Schools should be supported by the State equally with Board Schools. In exchange for this, apparently, he suggests a compromise whereby Nonconformists should be allowed to give religious teaching to such of their children as attend Church Schools, and that Churchmen should have the like liberty in Board Schools. How such a compromise could be carried out in effect he does not inform us.

It is, however, on the poverty of the clergy that Mr. Beeching seems to us to be most interesting. He has much to say about the "clearly defined Christian duty" of Churchmen to support their clergy, although in view of the fact that the voluntary contributions to the Church of England amount to seven millions a year, he seems to be rather ungrateful to the laity in this respect. Yet there can be little doubt, from figures which he here gives us, that a great part of the Anglican clergy are disgracefully badly off, and he quotes a calculation by Lord Egerton of Tatton that a million a year would be required to raise the income of every benefice of the poorer sort to £250. That all the blame for this is due to the laity is of course not contended, and Mr. Beeching himself admits that the State has "the abstract right" to carry out a scheme of redistribution of Church property which might take from the exaggerated incomes of Bishops and other dignitaries and add to those of the lower clergy. Yet such a remedy could only be partial, and we confess we find something significant in another quotation of Mr. Beeching's to the effect that the Church spends on education a sum of nearly £950,000 a year. If, therefore, the poorer Churchmen would be content—as are many Protestant Nonconformists—with the education for their children that the State provides gratis, the income of their ministers might be raised without further contributions to nearly the point which they themselves put as the minimum standard of comfort.

But can it be said that by thus raising the smallest benefice to an income of £250 a year, the whole question of the sustenance of the clergy would be settled? It is much to be doubted, and for a reason which is suggested

by Mr. Beeching's figures. In the "clerical budget" to be found in his book, one incumbent is said to have six children, another eight, and yet another six. It is plain that in such cases, and even without the large items here set down for life insurance, a good part of the income of the living must be spent not in the support of the incumbent but on that of his wife and children; and it is only by similar considerations that the otherwise absurdly high emoluments of Anglican bishops can be justified. In this matter, Mr. Beeching would again cast the blame upon the laity, who, he says, insist at all costs upon having a married clergy. But is this really the case? Whatever may have been the popular opinion at the Reformation, it is probable that now most of the laity care nothing about the matter, and the blameless lives of the thousands of Roman Catholic priests settled in England might convince the minority that a celibate may be at least as moral as a married clergy. A bachelor with a minimum of £250 a year would certainly be as well off as most schoolmasters, as many journalists, and as the general run of fellows of colleges before the throwing open of the fellowships. If the Anglican clergy do not take the door of escape thus open to them, it seems to us that, with all respect to Mr. Beeching, it must be for some other reason than that which he here gives.

The Soul of Ireland.

With the Wild Geese. By Emily Lawless. (Isbister. 4s. 6d. net.)

MISS LAWLESS has won a deserved reputation by her Irish stories as one of the few who can render the inner heart of the Irish people—so melancholy, solitary, and brooded over by the past; so different from the gay and light-hearted Irishman of English tradition, borrowed from the novels of Lover and Lever. In this volume she makes her appearance as a poet. The matter is still the same; it is Ireland the solitary, that was full of people, who cries through all these pages. The form alone is changed, but not the temper. It would scarce be fair to ask whether we gain by the change of form, when the aim is so much slighter than in the larger canvas of her prose work. It suffices that these poems were worth publishing, and have their separate justification. We cannot, indeed, share the exalted enthusiasm of Mr. Stopford Brooke (who contributes an introduction) for Miss Lawless's purely poetic power. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Brooke himself mistakes his sympathy with the dramatic and subjective element for the effect of the poetry as poetry. There are, to our thinking, traces enough in this book of the mind to which poetry is second, not first, nature, a sister rather than a bride. Yet the poems have a soul in them and an appeal: it could not be otherwise where there is such evident sincerity, and nothing has been written which was not deeply felt. The diction is natural, unsought, and free from strivings after poetic effect. Above all, the poems breathe the passion and the air of Ireland; they are full, not of the artificial thing called "local colour," but that true colour which passes into the blood, and is bred in with nationality alone. The first section, *With the Wild Geese*, takes its title from the expatriated Irish who fled abroad to take foreign service after the defeat of the allied French and Irish by William's Dutch general, Ginkle, at the Battle of Aughrim. Their countrymen, with unflinching instinct of poetic speech, gave them the name of the feathered emigrants which they so often watched flying across the Atlantic, the Wild Geese. The regrets, the heart-break, the bravery, the home-sickness of these Wild Geese, are sung in poems of varying metre, but with the uniform grey note of sadness and hopelessness. Miss Lawless has identified herself with their feelings in vividly dramatic fashion. Too long, mostly, to be quoted entire, single stanzas would convey no idea of the dramatic

quality which resides in the whole. One poem, indeed, is brief enough for citation:—

Heart of my heart, I sicken to be with you,
Heart of my heart, my only love and care;
Little I'd reck if ill or well you used me,
Heart of my heart, if I were only there.

Heart of my heart, I faint, I pine to see you;
Christ! how I hate this alien sea and shore!
Gaily this night I'd sell my soul to see you,
Heart of my heart—whom I shall see no more.

It is hardly representative, and one thinks of a few Jacobite lines:—

He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore!"

which reach at once a more intimate poetry. The poems carry us through the parting of the exiles from the Irish shore, the clash of foreign conflict (as in the spirited ballad "Cremona"), the sighs of the Wild Geese for home, and the loneliness of the mother who mourns, in season of famine, her boy in "the gay and gallant land of France"—this last a touching ballad. Nothing is better than the opening lament of Ireland for her children, of which we quote what we can:—

She said, "They gave me of their best,
They lived, they gave their lives for me;
I tossed them to the howling waste,
And flung them to the foaming sea."

She said, "I stayed alone at home,
A dreary woman, grey and cold;
I never asked them how they fared,
Yet still they loved me as of old."

She said, "I never called them sons,
I almost ceased to breathe their name,
Then caught it echoing down the wind,
Blown backwards from the lips of Fame."

She said, "God knows they owe me nought;
I tossed them to the foaming sea,
I tossed them to the howling waste,
Yet still their love comes back to me."

But in pure poetry, the "Dirge for All Ireland," which belongs to the second section—"Munster"—touches a mark above the rest of Miss Lawless's work.

Fall gently, pitying rains! Come slowly, Spring;
Ah, slower, slower yet! No notes of glee,
No minstrelsy! Nay, not one bird must sing
His challenge to the season. See, oh see!

Lo, where she lies,
Dead with wide-open eyes,
Unsheltered from the skies,
Alone, unmarked she lies!

Then, sorrow, flow;
And ye, dull hearts, that brook to see her so,
Depart! go! go!
Depart, dull hearts, and leave us with our woe.

And ye, cold waves, who guard that western slope,
Show no white crowns. This is no time to wear
The livery of Hope. We have no hope.

Blackness and leaden greys befit despair.
Roll past that open grave,
And let thy billows lave
Her whom they could not save.

Then open wide
Your western arms, to where the rain-clouds bide,
And hide! hide! hide!
Let none discern the spot where she hath died.

The tender grace of that suggests a power which Miss Lawless has not yet developed to the full, and which may have still better things in store for us. Its music, especially, is scarce hinted elsewhere. But the "Dirge of the Munster Forest" has much of the same charm. We care for her least in the poems which express a personal philosophy.

Deeply sincere, they have the weakness which attends the sceptical attitude in poetry—that they amount to so little when all is said. Perhaps we should rather say “doubting” than “sceptical,” since the modern misuse of the latter word might give a false impression of Miss Lawless’s entirely reverent spirit. We leave much untouched; but enough has been said to show that this is a book which deserves attention, by the power of its deep national fidelity.

A Critic’s Eureka.

Hieroglyphics. By Arthur Machen. (Richards. 5s. net.)

WHAT is genius, and how are we to recognise its achievements? These are questions which no critic can evade if he is to be a force in his profession. There is no absolute answer to them, owing to the ambiguity of abstract nouns; but a critic cannot presume to “place” his contemporaries unless he have the courage to announce and applaud the difference between good and exquisite, common and rare, smart and keen, bright and intense—in a word, between talent and genius.

Enter Mr. Machen in the part of Boswell to a talker both “literary” and “obscure,” who offers a test whereby to separate literature from “fine” literature or, in effect, talent from genius. One listens respectfully to a reading hermit, because, on the face of it, a hermit’s opinions should be matured by study and conceived in the calm of one who rolls no logs and grinds no axes. But, to get an unpleasant thing said once and for all, Mr. Machen’s hermit is an indolent person, careless of accuracy, who has grudged the labour of justifying some extraordinary depreciations. He is, in fact, for all his anonymity, an egoist whose object seems to be brilliance rather than elucidation. Yet elucidation comes by the way; no one, for instance, can read the following words without obtaining a distinct view of a whole art-system:—

It is not the painter’s business to make us a likeness of a tree or a rock; it is his business to communicate to us an emotion—an ecstasy, if you please—and that he may do so he uses a tree or a rock as a symbol, a word in his language of colour and form.

Ecstasy is, according to Mr. Machen’s hermit, the distinguishing element of fine literature. Hence *Vanity Fair* goes on the top of the pamphlets, which we take as a synonym for unecstatic work. But *Pickwick*, with its zest of adventure and discovery, *Pickwick* with its Bacchic enthusiasm, *Pickwick* is a Cockney relative of the *Odyssey*; it is art-work inspired by ecstasy. Now there is something mightily persuasive about this attribution of ecstasy to books that, as it were, consciously seek new sights and sounds and silences beyond the towns; and the multitude would be ready enough to deny ecstasy to books that keep within the limits of regular life and the experience of a few not specially typical characters. But it behoves the reader to be on his guard. Ecstasy is traceable in more works than those which treat of globe-trotters, though they be illustrious as Don Quixote or Ulysses. It is traceable in all works which possess the symmetry of art and the vitality of nature. It was in ecstasy of divination that Thackeray held up snobbery by the vesture of its refinements to the disgusted gaze of mankind; it was in ecstasy of premonition that Mr. Meredith crushed the optimist in *One of Our Conquerors*; it was in ecstasy of sympathy that George Eliot disengaged the human Silas from the miserly Marner. Yet Thackeray is on the top of the pamphlets of Mr. Machen’s hermit, and the two Georges are cast out from his temple of literature. As for Jane Austen, . . . but the reader can guess. A general contempt for the “literature of the subject” as distinct from a preference for literature of wider and deeper application is provocative of punishment, or at least of rebuke. We cannot, to speak more specifically, agree with the hermit

in his contempt for the *roman à clef*, which alone is capable of bringing biography within the domain of the fine arts, while his repudiation of allegory, except in the educative sense of that word, seems to us inconsistent with his belief in fact as symbol. But it is pleasant to hear a voice reminding the populace once again that style is something besides a conveyance.

What is a good style? . . . If it be designed solely with the view of imparting knowledge . . . it will be merely a synonym for plain speaking and plain writing—and in this sense it is evidently not one of the marks of art, since the object of art is not information but a peculiar kind of æsthetic delight. But if, on the other hand, style is to mean such a use and choice of words and phrases and cadences that the ear, and the soul through the ear, receive an impression of subtle but most beautiful music, . . . then I say that while Idea is the soul, style is the glorified body of the very highest literary art.

Here speaks a true enthusiast for letters, and one is reminded—with an ensuing twinkle in the eye perhaps—that a namesake of the hermit’s friend is represented by Mr. Shiel as “running a race” with the “Purple Cloud,” which destroyed Mr. Shiel’s last world, “and,” says Mr. Shiel,

I do not know that I ever encountered aught so complimentary to my race as this dead poet Machen and his race with the cloud: for it is clear now that the better kind of those poet men did not wish to please the vague inferior tribes who might read them, but to deliver themselves of the divine warmth that thronged in their bosom; and if all the readers were dead, still they would have written; and for God to read they wrote.

But all that is another “hieroglyphic,” and Mr. Machen is, happily, still unpurpled in our midst.

Modern Europe.

A History of Modern Europe. By Thomas Henry Dyer, LL.D. Third Edition, revised and continued to the end of the XIXth Century by Arthur Hassall, M.A., &c. 6 Vols. (Bell & Sons. Each, 6s. net.)

THE merits of Dyer’s *Modern Europe* are well known, and have even received a sort of official recognition by the book being one of those recommended for the perusal of candidates at the Civil Service and most other Government competitive examinations. Starting from the point where Gibbon leaves off, i.e., the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, it is now continued down to the close of the reign of Queen Victoria, and therefore gives, when taken with its predecessor, a continuous history in English of the Christian world for eighteen centuries. Nor can it be said that it is in any way inferior in accuracy to Gibbon’s great work. Some of us may think that as Gibbon was inclined to lay too much emphasis upon the obvious defects of early Christianity, so Dr. Dyer takes too much the “Corsican ogre” view of the character and objects of Napoleon the Great. But this apart, there is nothing to be said against the impartiality of his *Modern Europe*. Whether the English student seeks in reasonable compass trustworthy information as to the wars of the Reformation, the rise of France under Louis XIV., her interminable struggle with the House of Austria, or, to take smaller matters, the League of Smalkald, the rebellion of the Fronde, and the Peace of Utrecht, there is no work to which he can refer with more confidence than the history which Dr. Dyer before his death brought down to 1871. To this Mr. Hassall has now added some forty pages, carrying on the narrative to the beginning of last year; and although this may seem an inadequate allotment of space, it is probably enough in which to treat of events which are still too near to us for us yet to see them in their real bearings. To this short summary Mr. Hassall has added a bibliography containing the works of the last three decades dealing with the periods covered by the whole work, a much-needed

index, and six maps, which, though necessarily on a small scale, are not too cumbered with names to be legible. We have not been able to discover that he has made many additions to Dr. Dyer's original notes.

While, however, we have thus little but praise for the book as originally produced, we are bound to say that in one particular we are much disappointed with the present edition. Dr. Dyer was, alas! no Gibbon, and many a student condemned to wade through the slipshod sentences and uncouth diction of *Modern Europe* must have sighed for the limpid clearness and flowing style of the historian of the Roman Empire. We had therefore hoped that Mr. Hassall, whose own style is certainly not wanting in directness, might have been able without much alteration to do something towards reforming his predecessor's work in this respect; but instead of doing so, he seems to have added to it errors of his own. Not only are the old "gottens" and "sittens," and the irritating trick of making the negative follow instead of preceding the verb retained unaltered, but there are some mistakes which we doubt if even Dr. Dyer would have passed without correction. Thus, we find it stated that in the time of the Directory, "the populace having not only been disarmed, but finding itself deceived in its hopes, and had sunk into a state of the profoundest apathy about political affairs"; that Admiral Keats had informed La Romana of the rising in Spain, "and provided him the means to transport his troops to Nyborg"; that "Eugène and Jerome had delayed their advance not to alarm Bagration prematurely"; that Blücher when in Paris was hardly restrained from "blowing up the bridge at Jena, a monument of Prussian disgrace"; and that the Camarilla administered justice "accordingly as it was bribed." Nor does the editor seem to have made up his mind as to the date at which the book was written. A book published in 1852 is said to throw "new" light on the Moscow campaign; the Palace of the Tuileries is spoken of as still standing, and Bosnia and Herzegovina as being still subject to the Porte. As to the spelling of proper names, it is throughout of the wildest description. Bourrienne is sometimes so written, and sometimes "Bourienne"; Guérrogonnière figures as "Gueronnière"; Jemappes as "Jemmapes," Regnier as "Requier," the Austrian General Melas sometimes as "Mélas"; and the triumvir Lebrun sometimes as "Le Brun." The "Senatus-Consulte," which appears frequently, may be a piece of Dr. Dyer's pedantry; but surely Mr. Hassall need not have allowed the description of "the priests in their white aubas" to pass. As for mere misprints, there are so many of them, in Vol. V. especially, as to lead to the suspicion that this volume must have been allowed to correct itself for the Press. We are the more sorry for these mistakes in that they serve to make another edition inevitable.

Whitehall: What Was and Might Have Been.

The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall. By Edgar Sheppard, D.D. (Longmans, 21s. net.)

THE Banqueting House in Whitehall is too well preserved for the ordinary passing Londoner to appreciate its age and its great associations. He does not think of Rubens's ceiling within. He does not notice the large weather-cock placed on its roof by James II. in order that, from his private windows, he might see whether the wind blew for or against the Dutch fleet. As for the execution of Charles I., how shall he associate that amazing event with this calm and clean building which offers him the attraction of a Service museum? Still less has he stood by the Horse Guards and endeavoured, with knowledge, to determine the position of the scaffold on which Charles

suffered, or the actual window out of which he stepped in order to reach it. Lastly, he has never considered the building as a mere nucleus of that stupendous and beautiful palace which Inigo Jones designed for James I.

Neither James nor Charles I. could foot the bill for a palace more splendid than the Escorial, and therefore the old congeries of brick halls and houses—themselves covering an immense area, yet quite over-crowded by Jones's fragment—did duty until the fire of 1698 swept them away, leaving the Banquet House as the only memorial of what was and what might have been. It is not the least of Dr. Sheppard's tasks to explain the geography and uses of the old, straggling Whitehall through which the beauties of the Restoration took their way under the eye of Pepys. Very thoroughly he performs it, not despising the details which, though small, are succulent, as, for instance, the fact that the precincts of the palace were so strictly ordered that violence of the most trivial kind was severely punished. In 1687 the Earl of Devonshire was fined £30,000 for striking a Mr. Culpeper with his cane in the Vane Chamber at Whitehall.

The chapters on the site of the execution of Charles I. and on the execution itself are of the utmost interest, though they rather arrange and compare statements than add to the facts. It is now as good as settled that the scaffold was in front of the second window from the north end of the Banquet Hall, i.e., the second window from Charing Cross. The window from which Charles stepped into the open air was not in the Banquet House at all, but in a small house which, as seen in Vertue's engraving of 1713, was pressed against the north end of the Banquet House. That house is gone; but the door by which you now enter the hall to view the collections of the United Service Institution is really the famous hole in the wall through which the king passed from the Banquet Hall into the aforementioned small house. Why did he not step out of the Banquet Hall window in front of which he suffered? For two reasons, made plain by Dr. Sheppard. Firstly, the seven windows facing Whitehall were then built up, and in fact were never glazed until the nineteenth century. Secondly, they were higher than the level of the scaffold, whereas the window used was on a level with it.

Dr. Sheppard practically exhausts his subject. The subsidiary houses of the palace and their residents, deaths and marriages within the precincts, ceremonies, masques, and art-treasures, all are dealt with in turn; and the list of authorities given at the end of the work is almost a bibliography. By its completeness and by its beautiful illustrations, Dr. Sheppard's work becomes a valuable addition to the specific literature of London. The best and most secluded sources of information have been drawn upon, from the King's collections to the Books of Ceremonial at the College of Arms.

Other New Books.

Buller's Campaign. With the Natal Field Force of 1900. By E. Blair Knox. (Brimley Johnson. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS account of Buller's Natal campaign is by a doctor in the Royal Army Medical Corps, and has the merits, with some of the limitations, which might be expected from such a source. The operations are recounted with a grasp of their tactical and strategical importance, and with a good deal of clearness; but the interest lies rather in the inherent appeal of the events and details narrated than in any literary or descriptive quality. The narrative, indeed, errs on the side of being too matter-of-fact, and suggesting the manner of the physician's notes of cases. The most attractive portions (as is ever the case in a personal narrative) are those which embody some incident encountered by the author himself, in the course of his professional duties,

and noted with the doctor's eye. Such is the following account of the effects (or non-effects) of lyddite:—

Here there were close on 100 Boer prisoners [at Sir Charles Warren's camp at Monte Cristo] One haggard, middle-aged burgher who was near me was waiting his turn to get a wound in his thigh dressed. A long, ragged splinter of shell, partly covered with khaki-coloured paint, protruded from his wound through his breeches. His face, hands, and clothes were stained a canary yellow from a lyddite shell which had burst near him. Small, dry, hard droplets of the half-burnt explosive hung from the threads of his torn garments and from his singed hair. I brought him a tin of bovril, and asked if I could dress his wound. He was rather silent and surly at first, but soon thawed "Such a day," he said, "and such a slaughter! Our cause is lost, let me die." He told me that he alone was left alive from the occupants of one trench A 4.7 naval shell dropped into the trench, and blew all the occupants, save himself, into eternity. The sangar in front of it and a tree beside were utterly demolished. Questioned on the effects of lyddite, he said it was useless, that unless one burst in an enclosed place it was hardly so destructive as common shell. Earlier in the campaign the burghers were afraid of it. He had been in all the engagements in Natal, and did not fear it more than common shell. Shrapnel was much more to be dreaded; the bullets came down so straight that there was no taking cover from it. Questioned on the fumes of lyddite, he said some they made exhilaratingly drunk. For the moment such a man became absolutely reckless On others the fumes had a different effect, making them sick. He often saw people vomit who were in close proximity to a bursting lyddite shell. The explosion made most people deaf, and gave them besides a severe headache. Both of these last effects he was now suffering from himself A sergeant of the Royal Lancaster Regiment told me that a lyddite shell burst within a few feet of him. The explosion knocked him off his feet. He was at first dazed, and then vomited. His khaki was stained yellow, he was rendered deaf, and had a headache for twenty-four hours afterwards.

That has pictorial appeal. The book will be of value to the future military historian, and is by no means uninteresting to the serious student of the war at the present moment.

In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere. By Rev. Henry N. Ellacombe. (Lane. 5s. net.)

CANON ELLACOMBE writes of gardens as one who knows, and his latest book, therefore, has a practical value beyond that of merely sentimental garden volumes, the multiplication of which we have often had occasion to deplore. He deals with his subject in a manner which indicates close observation and genuine love, yet it must be said that it is a manner without charm. These papers are hardly more than catalogues of facts tempered with allusions; in a technical journal they would be admirable, but between the covers of a volume such as this they seem out of place. It would be hardly possible, we imagine, to write of beautiful things with less sense of beautiful words than Canon Ellacombe brings to his task; we have not discovered a single felicitous phrase in the entire volume. But for readers who are content with facts only the book will be useful enough, and in particular such articles as those devoted to "rock gardens" and "carpet plants," "plant names," and the "medical properties of flowers."

Canon Ellacombe's volume closes with an article upon "Shakespeare and Architecture," to which we must refer on account of an extraordinary conclusion to which the author gives expression. After pointing out that Shakespeare's architectural references are scanty and vague, the Canon says:—

I can well fancy that he had such an abhorrence of anything like puffing in advertising himself, that he would—

it may have been purposely or it may have been unconsciously—abstain from saying many things which might bear that construction. In that way he would say nothing of the palaces or fine houses to which he may have had access, lest it should be put down to a boasting of his acquaintance with the great men of the land; and he may have abstained from details of other great buildings lest it should be put down to a desire to boast of his travels and knowledge.

How Canon Ellacombe evolved this amazing theory we cannot conjecture. We can only say that we believe it to be without any sort of foundation.

James Chalmers of New Guinea—Missionary, Pioneer, Martyr. By Cuthbert Lennox. (Melrose. 2s. 6d. net.)

STEVENSON, who wrote of missionaries that "with all their gross blots, with all their deficiency of candour, humour, and commonsense" they were "the most useful whites in the Pacific," wrote to Mr. Sidney Colvin:—

I wish you to get *Pioneering in New Guinea*, by J. Chalmers. It's a missionary book, and has less pretensions to be literature than Spurgeon's sermons. Yet I think even through that you will see some of the traits of the hero that wrote it; a man that took me fairly by storm for the most attractive, simple, brave and interesting man in the whole Pacific. He is away now to go up the Fly River; a desperate venture it is thought; he is quite a Livingstone card.

To Chalmers, whom the islanders called Tamate:—

I am a man now past forty. Scotch at that, and not used to big expressions in friendship, and used, on the other hand, to be very much ashamed of them. Now I may say so much: I count it a privilege and a benefit to have met you. I count it a loss not to meet with you again. . . . If I can make out any visit, it must be done sensibly and with the least risk. But oh, Tamate, if I had met you when I was a boy and a bachelor, how different my life would have been.

Chalmers thought so too, for his one recorded saying anent R. L. S. was just that he was "the making of a good missionary gone wrong."

The man who, by his heroic life of masterful benevolence, made so deep an impression upon him, met his death in doing what he had done hundred of times before. If he had come safely away from Risk Point, where he landed unarmed just two years ago, nothing would have been heard of his adventure: it would just have been another village visited. As it was, one more name was added to the list headed by that of Stephen.

His story of labour and splendid enterprise is here told in a concise and workmanlike way by a very competent biographer.

5,000 Facts and Fancies. By William Henry Pyffe. (Putnam.)

THE sub-title of this book is *A Cyclopaedia of Important, Curious, Quaint, and Unique Information in—*well, in everything in general, and a little besides. It is, apparently, a work of reference for the reader desirous to display a smattering of miscellaneous knowledge without the trouble of knowing any subject properly. It is accordingly quite impossible to find fault with the volume; for, having no principle of inclusion or exclusion save the compiler's notion of what might be useful or curious, it is vain to say what you should find in it, or what you may not find. It is a Jack Horner's pie, where you put in your thumb and pull out—perhaps a plum, perhaps something which you know—

Is neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the d—l it got there.

For those who want this kind of book it is the very kind of book they want.

Fiction.

A Book of Stories. By G. S. Street. (Constable. 6s.)

THERE are seven stories in this book (selected from "the product of some seven years—lean ones, I fear"), and they are all in their way meet to be admired. Mr. Street observes with the benevolent detachment of a philosopher, and writes with the austere dignity of a scholar. If he felt with the intensity of a poet he would be a finer novelist than he is. You must not, however, expect from him that which he has not, namely, an ecstatic emotional quality. He arouses sympathy, but it is a reasonable, almost languid sympathy. In the first tale in the book, "Like to Like," one beholds Mr. Street trying to write "a magazine story," and not brilliantly succeeding. The likeness of the first hero to Lely's portrait; the annual celebration in Tudor costume; the clever fencing of both hero No. 2 and hero No. 1; the very convenient inebriety of hero No. 2 at a critical moment; the glimpse of the first hero in the cab: all these phenomena belong to the magazine story of commerce, and Mr. Street handles them with the shirking bravado of a clean man determined to handle pitch. This rattling skeleton is dressed up delightfully with excellent writing and absolutely realistic characterisation. The scene between the two girls towards the end develops into a situation of genuine originality and power—only to topple off at last into magazinishness again. "Like to Like" contrasts snobs with really well-bred people, and perhaps Mr. Street is somewhat too preoccupied with "the theory of what it is to be a lady and a gentleman." This theory pervades the whole book. Yet we would not be without "Two Sorts of Life," the longest and best tale in the volume, which deals exclusively with the difference between true and false "society." Save for the too facile and unnecessary coincidence on page 226, the rather conventional conception of young Brook, the well-bred young Englishman, and the altogether feeble invention of the sprained ankle and the missed last-train-home (unworthy of so ingenious a schemer as Mrs. Davis), this tale is about as good as it could be in the arctic zone of Mr. Street's philosophic calm. It is something well achieved; minor literature, but certainly literature. The book will appeal to the fastidious.

The Keys of the House. By Algernon Gissing. (Methuen. 6s.)

WITH what astonishment the Vicar of Wakefield would have read of his successors in fiction. It is the modern spirit which alienates them from him, and he would, for all his mildness, have better understood Mrs. Voynich's flagellating monster than Mr. Gissing's gentle shepherd of the hills. Brant is the latter's name, and the decisive monosyllable admirably fits a figure of such dignity as is seldom met with in or out of orders. Mr. Brant's wife leaves him to the seclusion of a Northumbrian pastoral cure, while she seeks entry into the cheerful and brilliant life of the world. She fails, and returns to him, and, in returning, hurts again his patient soul, which seems ever eager in self-reproach.

In Mrs. Brant we have such a "new" woman as seems to us designed to create an impression that the sex thus qualified may be raw as well as new. A lady who is beautiful and emotional almost after the strained habit of a heroine signed Gabriele d'Annunzio, a lady who attends Church at unaccustomed hours and has the grace to speak of failure "in my own dignity and nobility of character," is still able to commit the vulgar treason of sanctioning the dramatisation of her domestic difficulties to "increase our dividends." She is, in truth, essentially common; the lady in her is unexpectedly obliterated, not, one feels,

so much by Nature as by Mr. Gissing. Better is the figure of Yordas Brant, who said of himself:

"I'm called after a mountain in Yorkshire, where my father used to live. It's really the best of all to be called after a mountain, for you never can want to be different from that."

The mixture of his parents in him is cleverly indicated and the fresh intensity of a young mind is warm on the printed page that presents him. The clergyman, his father, is a noble portrait, moving and lovable. This is much to say of an invented character, but it shall stand. His are the little touches that tell. When his son gives him a book, we read that Mr. Brant "silently untied the string (he never cut any)," and the contrast between him and the well-supplied and rather gushing giver needs no enforcement. There is, be it added, a sufficient flavour of—shall we say?—"noops" in the novel to account for its rural setting.

The Story of a Mother. By Jane Helen Findlater. (James Nisbet. 6s.)

A CURIOUS lack of proportion, both in plot and character-drawing, prevents *The Story of a Mother* from being a satisfactory piece of work. The earlier part is given up almost entirely to the affairs of the son, not of the mother; and we scarcely realise that he has a mother at all, until an accident brings him to death's door, and reveals to us with startling abruptness Helen's passion for him. The action halts just as crudely when young Zachary goes abroad for a year; the plot then travels on with some coherence as far as his supposed death at sea, after which it undergoes sudden and unexpected developments. The mother marries again, begins an entirely new life and has a new son, who has nothing whatever to do with the story; and as if this were not anti-climax enough, another awaits us in the miraculous return of Zachary, which necessitates a fresh chapter containing the story of his sufferings for the past eighteen years. A remarkably dull love scene brings the story at last to a lame conclusion. Apart from the construction, which could scarcely be less skilful, there is, however, a considerable amount of merit in the way the book is written. All the earlier part, dealing with Zachary's boyish dreams and ambitions, is very well done; and the stormy scenes between him and his stern Scotch father, when the boy returns from abroad with new ideas and a rebellious attitude, are most lifelike. But undoubtedly the most sympathetic character in the book is that of Zachary's mother, although, in spite of the title, hers is made more or less subordinate to his. From the moment of her introduction to us in Zack's room, where she scolds him for brushing the curl out of his hair, to that of her marriage with Lord Ruxton, where the book should in our opinion have ended, she is a real and human person to us. Patient, whimsical, prudent, passionate—whatever her mood, Helen Hoséson is never dull.

This is how passion and prudence fight for the mastery in her mind, when Lord Ruxton comes to woo her:—

"Oh, what am I to do?" she cried. "You offer me so much that it confuses my judgment. I am so lonely and sad here, and poor, and with the children growing up in want of everything, and you come and offer me love and care and wealth. O Lord Ruxton, go away and think twice before you spoil your life for me." . . . His steps died away down the path, and there was a horrible silence in the little room. Helen listened to the silence for just about half a minute, then she rose and went to the door. . . . He stood still, undecided whether to return or not, and the next minute she came down the path to meet him. "Take me away from this terrible, haunted little house," she cried; "I can't stay in it now; I want to come to you."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE VALLEY OF DECISION.

By EDITH WHARTON.

Mrs. Wharton is known in this country by her short stories, showing a delicate appreciation of character, and a subtle power of describing the less clamorous incidents of life. This is her first long novel. It is 650 pages in length, and is a story of Italy at the end of the eighteenth century. There are sketches of Venetian life, and glimpses of Sir William Hamilton's circle at Naples. The end brings us within sight of the approach of Napoleon. (Murray. 6s.)

THE LADY PARAMOUNT.

By HENRY HARLAND.

A gay story by the author of *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*, passing for the most part in England. The Lady Paramount is a charming Italian countess who, on coming of age, astonishes her guardian, old Commendatore Fregi, by announcing that she is about to leave her island in the Adriatic in search of her cousin, the rightful heir to the property. The romance is concerned with her adventures. They are very readable. (Lane. 6s.)

THE RESCUE.

By ANNE D. SEDGWICK.

A pensive story, written with grace and feeling, by the author of *The Dull Miss Archinard*. Mrs. Sedgwick has something in common with Mrs. Wharton, and this story of a man who swayed for some time between the fascination excited by mother and daughter in turn will attract those who like their fiction delicate. On one of these occasions Damier felt thus: "No excitement, only the enraptured solemnity that a soul might feel on finding another soul—parted from, years ago, on earth—long sought for, long loved—in some quiet dawn of heaven." (Murray. 3s. 6d.)

A NEW TRAFALGAR.

By A. C. CURTIS.

It opens with a love idyl, but a telegram tears sailor Harry from Peggy's side. It came from the Admiralty and said, "Experimental mobilization. You are directed to join your ship immediately." What do you think Harry found awaiting him? Nothing less than a sea war with Germany. The imaginary fight roars through the pages. Perhaps it will interest the members of the Navy League. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

AN INDUSTRIOUS CHEVALIER.

By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE.

The *chevalier d'industrie* who narrates his various naughtinesses in these pages is a pleasant rogue. He is quite without the moral sense, he lives by a life of crime, and the end finds him prosperous and contented, and craving pardon of the reader for not going through the form of expressing sorrow for his evil deeds. He is a "young Alf" grown up, more or less educated, and moving in a higher circle. His first theft is from a stranger he met in a Turkish bath. It was entirely successful. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THOSE DELIGHTFUL AMERICANS.

By MRS. EVERARD COTES.

This gossip history, by the author of *An American Girl in London*, recounts the social observations of a young married couple during a summer in the United States. Their adventures are complicated by the sentimental experiences of a cousin, "Lord Bobby," and a young American millionaire, each of whom is ambitious to make love in the national manner of the other. The upshot makes the story, but the book is mainly a contrast of English and American society. It is accompanied by some clever pictures by Mr. F. H. Townsend. (Methuen. 6s.)

A MEETING OF GREEKS.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

An adventurous story, with plenty of breezy incidents, including the first voyage of the *Bella Donna*. "Now,

my lads, be smart and lower down them water-casks, and if that nigger gives any more of his cook's sauce, heave him overboard." The story opens in an old house at Netherhampton, one morning early in the last century; Book II. is twenty years after; in Book III. we return to Netherhampton, and on page 309 Walter reads his reward in Mary's eyes. (Bousfield. 6s.)

WITH HOOPS OF STEEL.

By F. F. KELLY.

A story of ranch men and ranch life in North Mexico, by a lady who has lived in the midst of the wild life she describes. "My God! What a place this desert would be for a man to be lost in!" Then they told him stories of men who had been lost in it, who had wandered for days without water, and had been found raving maniacs or bleaching skeletons—the sort of stories that make the blood of any but a plainsman seem to dry in his veins and his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE FROWN OF MAJESTY.

By ALBERT LEE.

A romance of the days of Louis XIV. This is how the King talks: "I crave your pardon for dealing with you unjustly, M. le Vicomte," said he frankly. "I have been duped, and I regret that I treated one lightly who was ready to risk so much on behalf of France. The Marquise de Lauzun told me of your resolution in spite of the danger you incurred, and I honour you for it." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE MARRIAGE OF LYDIA

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

MAINWARING.

A long, melodramatic story, with misunderstandings, kisses, engagements, marriages, and an attempted murder on board a ship. "What's the matter here?" said Captain Markham. "The matter is," said Corsellis, "that I have been nearly murdered on board your ship, captain, stabbed as I slept in my berth—and here's the knife, by Jove." Miss Sergeant has the art of telling a story, and in her pages the omniverous novel reader will find no lack of interest. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

GRANSTARK.

By G. B. McCUTCHEON.

An American novel. The sub-title is "The story of a Love Behind a Throne." The opening chapters are bright and readable, and describe the twenty-five hundred mile journey of the east-bound express from Denver. On the train Mr. Grenfall Lorry meets the fascinating creature who is to shape his destiny. When he first saw her he remarked to himself—"Why is it that some girls make you stand like a footman the moment you see them?" (Richards. 6s.)

BLUE LILIES.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

Told mainly by means of letters and diaries. The time of the novel is 1900, and the heroine is a rich and fascinating person who leaves her husband's roof on account of his unfaithfulness. She takes the castle of an impecunious young nobleman, whose poverty is due to the disappearance of the will made by his predecessor in his favour. Unaware of his identity the heroine engages him as her head gardener, and in the relations of mistress and servant they drift delicately into love. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

RASH CONCLUSIONS.

By G. W. APPLETON.

Melodrama. The central interest of the story is the murder of the wife of a black-and-white artist. The murder is quite unexpected, and the discovery of the body will startle the most jaded sensational-novel reader. Complications follow, and though its main features leaked out, the outer public never learned the full particulars of the crime. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY.

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A Favourite At Mudie's.

THE life of the man of letters is in itself neither happier nor more desirable than any other life. The literary man is happy if his work absorbs him, if it takes him away from himself, and if it turns him out of bed each morning eager to do better than the day before. Any art, or profession, or business will do that. A man works at literature because he is in some mysterious way called to it, and because it offers to him the likeliest opportunity of self-education and self-expression. Inevitably, except in a few rare cases, the first enthusiasm passes, and by the time he is middle-aged, literature has become his career, his means of living, his anodyne of work against the complexities, disillusionings, and sorrows of life. But the pursuit of an excellence that he can never reach stands him in good stead through his best days, and if the nervous strain of creation does finally produce the warning "flash of fire that shoots along the palm," the herald sign of breakdown, Nature, by mercifully sapping his vitality, prepares him for the inevitable. If he does not, like Browning, anticipate greeting the unseen with a cheer, he may at least prepare himself to meet Death as a consoler, if not as a friend. The literary man has many joys, and not the least of them, as Mr. Kipling has said, is that first groping after an idea, which has flashed into the mind, but still hides, smiling in its recesses, willing and yet unwilling to be caught. The joys of his life come when they are least expected. A few months before his death, after a long period of suffering and complete withdrawal from the world, the post brought William Black this letter from an unknown correspondent living in Ohio:—

This is my letter of thanks for the great pleasure you have given me. For six weeks I have been in bed. On my bed in this time have been from one to three of your books. I read until weary, then dream—and read again. I thank you for the yachting cruises whence I have gone with you. I thank you for the pleasant acquaintance you have given me with most delightful people, whom, but for you, I should never have known. I thank you for helping me through these weary weeks. I thank God for sending you into this world.

Black could afford to cry over that letter, as he could afford to smile at Carlyle's off-quoted question, "And when are ye going to do anything serious?"

If the above remarks are a little less buoyant in tone than is usual on this page, the cause must be laid to the charge of Sir Wemyss Reid's *Life of William Black*, which has just been published by Messrs. Cassell. Yet Black's life was triumphantly successful. Broadly speaking, he knew neither failure nor disappointment. His life was a steady advance through journalism to fiction. At the age of 30 he, a comparatively unknown member of the staff of the *Daily News*, was discovered to be the author of an anonymous novel called *A Daughter of Heth*, of which everybody was talking. Two years later, in 1873, "there was in England no more popular writer" than the author of *A Princess of Thule*. Thenceforward, till his health broke, he had apparently all that man could desire—home,

friends, wealth enough, leisure for his salmon fishing in the spring and his autumn holiday in Scotland. He realised the ideal of the novelist's life—to spend the months of the year when the country is at its loveliest among the scenes that he would use as a background to his next novel, when winter brought the writing months. Yet his biography does not leave the impression of a happy life. It is not the fault of his friend and biographer. Sir Wemyss Reid gives us many instances of Black's high spirits; but moments of hilarious gaiety do not constitute happiness. Nor does his biography leave the reader with the feeling of elation and encouragement that Mr. Gissing has just confessed his recurrent reading of Forster's *Life of Dickens* affords him. Black's letters are colourless. He has nothing to say about men or books, or himself. The gusto, the radiant self-revelation, the abounding interest in life, the frank see-saw of their moods that give the letters of R. L. Stevenson and T. E. Brown their human documentary value, were not for William Black. To the world he was a silent man, an observer, a brooder, a consumer of his own smoke. Among his intimates he was jovial and a good comrade, and Sir Wemyss Reid strives to bring out this side of Black's character, whether at the luncheon table of the Reform Club or in those sky-high chambers at the foot of Buckingham Street, Strand, where the heart of London opens to the eye. But, in spite of flashes of camaraderie, Black was a silent man, a mystic, whose soul, even when he was most intent on observation, was elsewhere. He was of those who never quite get used to the world, who, looking into the darkness, always see something there; he was of those on whom the shades of the prison-house never quite close. He was a Celt.

The true Celt can never be systematically happy or content, however Fortune may smile. A wistful melancholy, a longing for the unattainable is his heritage. The true Celt never knows quite what he wants, but he does know that he does not want what he has. The clouds of glory trail after him and move before him. He is always midway. He never sees so much as when there is nothing to see with the outward eye. He is always wanting to arise and go to Innisfree, and if he got there he would at once want to be moving on elsewhere. Black was a Celt. The Highland blood ran in his veins. Two things possessed him—nature and the pilgrim soul in man and woman, travelling unsoiled through the smirched ways of life like a white sail over disparate seas. His heroines have all the earnest graciousness of the pilgrim nature, his Scottish henchmen, his Scottish gentlemen, are all unspoiled by the world, and encompassed by the changeless beauty of hills and skies. The true Celt is sufficient to himself. The thing once seen or imagined becomes a reality. It lives again in that recess of the brain where romance lies, and blossoms in secret. Black knew this. He chose the plain little work-room in the house in Brighton because there was nothing in the view across the house-tops to distract him from that vision of the inward eye which was reality to him. He took the cliff walk from Brighton to Rottingdean some thousands of times because the urban-rural view soothed his imagination without stimulating it. The impression of natural beauties that his true home—Scotland—had stored in his Celtic imagination was the reality, although divided from him by time and space.

Black was fortunate in his period. The problem novel, the revolt of the revolting daughter, the vindictive novels of disappointed women who mistake selfishness for disillusion, the novels of those who have not realised that the clamorous problem of the individual life is how to walk delicately between self-realisation and self-renunciation—had not yet risen. Black saw the beginning of the movement, and realised that his star was waning.

Writing came easily to him. He composed with the facility of a man, to use a golfing metaphor, who makes clean, straight strokes, because, by some natural gift, he

The singer will observe that the "ah" sounds of "garden," "grass," "pass," and "heart" are introduced to facilitate the singing of long roulades in the upper register, which is only possible upon an "ah." The poet who writes the genuine lyric, the "verse for notes of music," is forced into a nearly unconscious observation of the rules of symptosis, phonetic syzygy, and the rest; he has to consider what vowel sounds are singable and what consonants disagreeable. He does not, of course, sacrifice very much on those altars, but he must do something; and this produces a certain effect on the vowel "colouring" of his verse. So far as I know, few modern poets pay much attention to music. They "write for the eye." Yet the lyrics that survive were mostly written to a tune—"To the Tune of the Shaking of the Sheets," or of "My Lady Greensleeves." It must be remembered that, until the Revolution, England was actually a musical nation. Lutes were kept in barbers' shops for the use of gentlemen waiting their turns, much as papers are to-day; and most men and many poets were at least rule-of-thumb musicians. Pushed too far, the principle has resulted in the inanities of English libretto and of the drawing-room ballad. But of living lyric poets, Mr. Kipling, who writes with banjo tunes and music-hall choruses in his mind, is at least upon the right road—the road of Burns and others.

The poet who, for me, represents the high-water mark of pure art in the last century is Christina Rossetti. Preference is, of course, matter of temperament, and I have no wish to force this view upon anyone whose temperament is not mine. I define a poem as the expression of a mood, in rhythmical language so chosen that no word of the whole can be changed without damage to form and feeling. Those who concur in this definition will, I think, find little difficulty in accepting my view, that, considered merely as an artist in verse, Christina Rossetti has few equals and no surpasser. Many have surpassed in scope of feeling; many in what is called importance, in output, in apparent facility. And these, for all I know, may be the greater poets. Wordsworth very often; Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge too; Browning frequently; Tennyson sometimes; D. G. Rossetti and Matthew Arnold have touched her level, and are, without doubt, more important. But all of them had their failures; wrote a great deal; experimented—and did it in the face of the public. Christina Rossetti, on the other hand, published very little, but in what she gave to the world was nearly always at her best. She pushed "Selection for Publication" to the furthest of possibilities—so far, indeed, that I suppose her to be generally ranked as a minor poet. Her MSS. give one very little to go upon—remarkably little. I have before me at this moment a number of small scraps of paper; backs of letters, even letters crossed with verse; old envelopes, and the like. On these are written the first drafts of some of her shorter poems. There is, for instance, the one beginning, "Heaven overarches earth and sea." This is written in pencil across a piece of lined paper, part of a foolscap sheet which has been folded and re-folded to form a home-made note-book. On one side are notes as to the price of consols, as to the days on which certain clergymen would preach, and addresses of charitable ladies. On the other side, on the inches that remain after certain matters relating to her charities and investments have had first place, is jotted the poem itself. It consists of twelve lines scribbled in pencil, with only four changes; three made in ink palimpsest-wise, and therefore of later date. The MS. looks like this:

Heaven overarches earth and sea,
Earth sadness and sea bitterness.
Heaven overarches you and me,
A little while and we shall be
(Please God) where there is no more sea
Nor barren wilderness.
Nor ~~parting nor distress~~

Heaven overarches you and me,
And all earth's gardens and her graves
Look up with me ~~until we see~~
~~we both shall see~~
The day break and the shadows flee;
What ~~tho'~~ to-night
~~if to-day~~ wrecks you and me,
~~If so~~
~~so that~~ to-morrow saves?

Written towards the end of her life, this has always seemed to me one of the most poignant, most simple expressions of resigned fatalism. It goes as directly to its mark as a pigeon home to its cote. If you like to put it so, there is the little wheeling round before settling, but very little. One sees that "parting nor distress" is changed into "barren wilderness," and that this change from a commonplace phrase completes the "earth and sea" idea very consummately. Taken as a whole, the alterations cannot be said to "make" the poem, although the one noted does go some way towards that "making." But it should be said that "barren wilderness" is written with the pencil of the body of the poem, and for that reason must have been made immediately, *stylo corrente*. What we may legitimately deduce from this specimen is that Christina Rossetti wrote with very little trouble, jotting down her poems among notes as to her financial, devotional, and charitable interests, the one thing being very much on a par with the others in her mind. And this would seem to have been the case. She wrote very much as she spoke—with a pause for commencement, with momentary, hardly discernible hesitations for the choice of a word, and always with what is called finish.

"I wonder if the sap is stirring yet," she begins one of her best poems, and it is precisely what she must have said again and again in the course of London springs, when one is always wondering what the earth looks like outside the places where the big fog-drops fall from the blackened boughs in the squares. Browning commences his lyric, expressing a similar mood, with an "Oh," . . . "Oh, to be in England . . ." and I confess to preferring the "I wonder" . . . to the "Oh." Christina Rossetti's verse was almost as colloquial in its style as was Wordsworth's; but, unlike Wordsworth, she valued her poems no more highly than her conversations. She lead an essentially cloistral life; cloistral I mean in spirit rather than in externals; lived it in the centre of Movements with the smallest of movement on her own part. To all intents and purposes it was only at her death that she began to live, to be missed. Her temperament finds its expression in her verse, which she scribbled on little scraps of paper at odd moments, consulting no one, going her own way, and, for all one knows, troubling very little about such intolerable things as *les mots justes*. Yet she hardly ever lacked that just word; very seldom had to wait, to erase, to rewrite. And those of her poems that I have seen in that condition "were not amongst her happiest efforts." Nevertheless, what she had was not facility, it was mastery.

When Anglo-Saxon phraseology was the rage one used to be told—one was always being told things about Tennyson—that the big-mouthed poet waded through his verse, excising words of Latin origin and substituting Teutonic. It is, of course, not possible to believe that a man who—whether I like him or not—was a great poet could have been so little an artist in words. Because the artist in words loves his words, whatever their origin—for their sound, for their associations, for whatever reason one does love words. He is not that "best cosmopolite who best does love his native land." William Morris may have tried to steel his nerves for such a butchery of the innocent, though one can scarce believe it of even his wrong-headedness. He did not, for instance, exact that all his dyes should have been manufactured, grown, or ground within the countries of the world that have produced Gothic. As a matter of fact, your true poet feels

his line or his phrase much as the prose writer feels his sentence and paragraph, as the draughtsman feels his line, the musician his phrase. He would not alter his words for the sake of theories any more than an army officer would substitute a stiffly moulded corpse for the least mathematically precise of his aligned privates on parade. That Tennyson felt his line one knows. "I think I am most glad," he says, "to have written the line—

'The mellow ouzel fluted from the elm';"

and the whole man is summed up in the line, the man whose real note was that of home-counties flora and fauna, lawns, cedar trees, manorial residences, county families, and shrewd, a little idealised, yeomen and peasantry.

In the choice of words for verse one has to be guided, more or less instinctively, by what the scientists, as I have said, call phonetic syzygy, and his habit of reading aloud (i.e., of writing for the ear as much as for the eye) was without doubt Tennyson's reason for calling his mellow-voiced bird an ouzel and for making it flute in an elm. In two other lines that he was proud of we find the same assimilation of sound to image:—

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls,

which have always struck me as being two of the best lines imaginable, with the suggestion in the first of the eagle's motionlessness, and in the second of the eagle's stoop. In the one case we have the use of a slightly fantastic word—ouzel—used to give remoteness to a sufficiently usual bird; in the other, a commonplace word used in such a way as to give a singularly complete phonetic idea of a suddenly arrested downward swoop. "Ouzel," its sound apart, I dislike, because it is part of a professional-poetic dialect; "thunderbolt" I applaud, because it is anybody's word used in exactly the right place. What I wish to emphasise is the fact that Tennyson was haunted by a line of a pronounced type, that he had a preference for a diction slightly out of the common, and that his typical line was ten-syllabled.

FORD MADDOX HUEFFER.

(To be concluded.)

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

It is odd that a writer like M. Ludovic Halévy, who, in collaboration with Meilhac and Offenbach, has helped for years to keep Europe in good humour with the extravagant high spirits and delightful gaiety of light comedy and opera-bouffe, should be the father of such a serious writer as M. Daniel Halévy. After having laughed continuously with the father, we are now invited to consider grave social questions in the gravest manner with the son. In his *Essais sur le mouvement ouvrier en France* M. Daniel Halévy gives a most interesting and slightly optimistic account of the birth and spread of popular universities or people's colleges in Paris. Unhappily an excellent thing which started with so much enthusiasm and encouragement has fallen off of late most direfully. We have seen colleges close because there was nobody to assist at the lectures or to profit by the advantages offered the working classes, and it is incontestable that the Catholic Party has in these matters a more perfected and active system of organisation, and brings to bear upon such efforts an unattackable prestige with which, in a land largely Catholic like France, it can crush out all attempts at social or liberal propaganda. In vain have libraries and reading rooms been established. After the first exuberant rush towards self-instruction and the deferential and grateful attention accorded all the distinguished Liberals like M. Anatole France, M. Duclaux, &c., who came forth

from their studies in the cause of progress and thought, the movement suddenly collapsed and the libraries were deserted. I remember my own disappointment on learning that a college to which I sent over forty volumes closed shortly afterwards, and ever since I have wondered what became of my books. Into whose hands have they fallen? Or have they helped to fill a bookcase along the quays, to be picked up by some *bouquiniste* in quest of bargains in exchange of pence?

If it were not for the unhappy ending, *Le Mazareille* might fittingly be described as a quaint Provençal pastoral. The incest with which it ends is repulsive, not essentially because of the incest itself, but for the lacking note of the inevitable. But apart from this, the picture of Provençal shepherd life is given with an indescribable charm and surety of touch. It is extraordinarily impressive in its quietude and dulness, with all the combined poetry of the soil and the South. Beasts and men are close to one another in inarticulated relief in the largeness of sky and the largeness of nature. The brutality and inextricable ties of the family are depicted with quite a classic simplicity. The opening seizes the reader with the powerful and unlaboured poetry of its description of the sick shepherd's fierce desires on hearing a party of huntsmen and hounds rush by in the savage intoxication of the chase, and his despairing gesture on finding himself too weak to take part. "They had long since vanished, and the great silence of the *pinadus* had closed behind them when Vitot was still standing on the broken palisade, eyes open, brow filled with their image, and ears ringing with the echoes. 'Come quickly,' cried Josèf, 'she is dying';" and we are led to a death scene it does one good to read in these days of excessive sentimentality, and self-consciousness, and long-drawn-out pathos. Annonette, the mother, dies as only a savage and a heroine can die—with absolute simplicity, without a murmur or a cry, knowing and accepting it as her duty to die, unwept, unregretted, returning indifferently to that nature of which she has never ceased to be an element. I was reminded, in reading it, of *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain*, only, where the American prose is laboured and too descriptive, M. Emmanuel Delbousquet's prose is like the landscape of Provence—clear and simple, seeking its effect in clarity and large lines, a few strokes, broad light, and deep shades. "La Mirotte held up the wax-end in her brown fingers. Pierre bent over. Did the dying woman see him? A flash of joy passed over her glance for ever fixed; then the light raced over her rigid face like a ray of sunshine across a stream, and instantly her eyes died out, filled with shadow. She was dead. With fingers slightly trembling the man closed her eyelids. Without looking at each other, without saying a word, they took their places at the other end of the kitchen on the bench before the table where Mirotte had placed the steaming soup. Each one thought: The poor dead is quite dead, but that must not prevent the living from eating. Taking up large spoonfuls, they dived into the heavy soup dish for the scented mess made of tender growths of hashed greens among slices of black bread."

There is something inexpressibly and unconsciously pathetic in this brief and quiet picture of men and women sitting down to eat, death having just entered their midst, like animals, unconscious of the value of life or death. The whole book, but for the lamentable end, is impregnated with this unconscious pathos, poetry, and charm. Love is here, of course, only an animal instinct, but the very unconsciousness and directness of its animality stamps it with a certain grandeur. It is clean at least, like the loves of the beasts, because it is utterly unperverted and simple. It is only when the shepherds (that is, their womenfolk) get into the towns and learn that their favours have a marketable value that their love becomes perverse and unclean. The superstitions, the prejudices of the soil, its

joys and terrors are revealed in a masterly manner. The *Mazareille* has only missed being a lovely work—a masterpiece. It remains a prose poem.

Ma Sœur Zabette, by a new writer, Claude Lemaitre, is also an interesting but less remarkable study of a corner of France. This is a clean, honest, charming tale steeped in Breton brine, a fresh and invigorating story of sailors and their womenfolk. The prose has none of the beauty and poetry of M. Delbousquet's prose, but it is taut, breezy, and the world we are introduced to may well be called the salt of the earth. The men are delightful children, intrepid on sea, wax on shore, guileless, stupid, and lovable. The women are dauntless and intelligent rulers, whose devotion and sense keep ships on sea and homes on land.

H. L.

A Sea-Captain's Reading.

THE captain had invited me into his cabin for a gin and bitters before dinner. It was a compliment he paid in turn to the more favoured of the passengers who voyaged with him on the broad-bellied cargo-boat. The room was the smallest and the tidiest I had ever seen, and as I surveyed it from the edge of the captain's bunk on which I sat, the comparison to a travelling medicine chest occurred inevitably. "Everything in a nutshell," I remarked, as the captain opened a minute cupboard that faced his swivel chair, and selected the required bottles and glasses from a few square inches of space in one of its corners.

"That's one of my hobbies," he said. "I like a deck cabin where I can see ahead as soon as I tumble out of that bunk. And I have to economise space. Why, I don't suppose you ever noticed a drawer under the seat when you sit in the smoking room. Well, I put that drawer through the partition, and if ever I found myself south of the Equator I could reach the charts from where I sit."

Indeed, there were few human needs that the captain could not meet by stretching out a hand from his swivel chair. He was a blue-eyed man of sixty or so, with a clean trimmed beard of white, and a skin which had no wrinkles but the mariner's wrinkles about the eyes. The cabin was a bathroom, when you learned the dodge. In an almost invisible corner was another cupboard which stowed the ship's papers, the documents relating to cargo and passengers, and a portrait of his wife and daughter, with a quite unnoticed niche for writing paper and envelopes. The cupboard which contained the gin and bitters was also a medicine chest, and if you doubted the captain's medical knowledge, he whipped out a manual of domestic medicine from an invisible space underneath the bottles. But there was seemingly an unoccupied inch between the cupboard and the table before the swivel chair. The captain's finger fished out a swivelled ledge which held a piece of india-rubber.

"And up here," he said, reaching to the space between the top of his bunk and the ceiling, "there are all the charts I should want to take me anywhere north of the Equator. This is where we are now." And he spread the chart before me. But my eye had caught a small shelf at the head of the bunk.

"May I look at your books?" I asked.

"Ah, I'm a great reader," said the captain.

There were two shelves, containing perhaps twenty books altogether. The top one held *The Tower of London*, Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, *A Guide to the Channel Islands*, *The Visits of Elizabeth*, and *The Christian*.

"How do you collect your books?" I asked.

"Well, they're mostly given to me by passengers," replied the captain. "You see, I'm fond of reading, but I'm so seldom ashore that I haven't got time to lay in the right stores."

"Do you get much time for reading?"

The captain contemplated the last few drops of his gin and bitters.

"There's times," he said, "when I don't get any time at all—days together. But when you've cleared the Channel, for instance, and rounded Ushant, there's a five hundred mile run in front of you, and nothing to do but to keep her head straight. Now that's the time when I want some good reading. You've no idea how lonely it is here, when the weather holds and there are no passengers. I couldn't do without books. But, mind you, there's some books a lot better than others; they're not all alike. From my point of view, I mean. I daresay it's different with you."

"Oh no! I have my preferences," I said. "What are yours?"

The captain finished his gin and bitters before he answered, and looked a little ashamed of himself.

"Well, you're a literary gentleman," he said, "and it isn't likely that I should like the same things that you do—Homer, you know; and what's that Russian chap's name—ah—Ibsen, eh? All the same, I've read a good many high-class books. Only last voyage I read *Moths*, and I must say I thought it a very interesting work. It's up on the shelf there, if you'd like to take it."

I explained that I had read it.

"I suppose you never looked into a book called *Many Cargoes*," he remarked, rolling up the chart; and his tone suggested that the remark was of no importance.

I had heard of it.

"It wouldn't be in your line," said the captain, who was setting the chart in its appointed place in the cosmos of the cabin. "Ah, yes! I can see you laughing at me."

I had certainly smiled.

He was settled in his swivel chair again.

"I'm too old to start improving my mind," he said. "It's all very well for you to read poetry and—and leading articles. But from my point of view I like something I can understand. And the fellow knows what he's talking about; what's his name?"

I suggested Jacobs.

"That's it," said the captain. "And I always look out for his books when I go ashore. But you wouldn't care about that sort of thing. He follows the sea, you know."

I said that I had heard that Jacobs was a clerk in the Post Office when he wrote *Many Cargoes*.

"Dear me!" said the captain, looking disappointed; "then how on earth—"

He was cut short by the gong.

His face brightened again. "Well, after all," he said, "I'm only an ignorant old sailor, and there's the dinner bell, and I hope you've got an appetite."

Drama.

The Paris Music Hall.

It is not always realised by Englishmen that England is really the country of the music hall, the only country where it has taken firm root and flowered elegantly. There is nothing in any part of Europe to compare, in their own way, with the Empire and the Alhambra, either as places luxurious in themselves or as places where a brilliant spectacle is to be seen. It is true that, in England, the art of the ballet has gone down; the prima ballerina assoluta is getting rare, the primo uomo is extinct. The training of dancers as dancers leaves more and more to be desired, but that is a defect which we share, at the present time, with most other countries; while the beauty of the spectacle, with us, is unique. Think of "Les Papillons" or of "Old China" at the Empire, and then go and see a fantastic ballet at Paris, at Vienna, or at Berlin! And it is not only in regard to the

ballet, but in regard also to the "turns," that we are so far ahead of all our competitors. I have just been spending a couple of evenings at two of the most characteristic Parisian music halls, the Folies-Bergère and La Scala. The "chief attraction" of the former was "Une Revue aux Folies-Bergère," a pantomimic show with some dancing; at the latter, "Messalinette," a "revue," with no dancing at all. There were other turns: vocalists at the Scala, jugglers, and American eccentrics, and the like, at the Folies-Bergère. To see the typical Paris singer you must go to the Scala; but for everything else the Folies-Bergère is certainly to be preferred.

I have no great admiration for most of our comic gentlemen and ladies in London, but I find it still more difficult to take any interest in the comic gentlemen and ladies of Paris. Take Marie Lloyd, for instance, and compare with her, say, Marguerite Deval at the Scala. Both aim at much the same effect, but, contrary to what might have been expected, it is the Englishwoman who shows the greater finesse in the rendering of that small range of sensations to which both give themselves up frankly. Take Polin, who is supposed to express vulgarities with unusual success. Those automatic gestures, flapping and flopping; that dribbling voice, without intonation; that flabby droop and twitch of the face; all that soapy rubbing in of the expressive parts of the song: I could see no skill in it all, of a sort worth having. The women here sing mainly with their shoulders, for which they seem to have been chosen, and which are often undoubtedly expressive. Often they do not even take the trouble to express anything with voice or face; the face remains blank, the voice trots creakily. It is a doll who repeats its lesson, holding itself up to be seen.

There was one woman at the Folies-Bergère who had genuine talent, Louise Balthy. She reminded me a little of Miss Effie Fay. She was the principal performer in the "Revue aux Folies-Bergère," and she did a parody of Sarah Bernhardt in "Théodora." She was "Miss Barnum," the Music Hall, and the Dance. In the last she did a series of quick changes (partly on the stage), and indicated, with a vivid skill of parody, Italian, Russian, Spanish, English, and French ways of dancing. She galloped through all her parts with astonishing celerity, putting sharp meanings into things with a gesture, an intonation, a fling or twist of her long, supple body. And she had a voice which she knew how to use for her own purposes. No one else showed any real, distinguishable ability. The amusement of the piece was all contained in its costumes and scenery, in the indiscretions of the costumes and the piquant changes of the scenery. We saw the roofs at midnight, with some human cuts, the Cirque d'Été, a "séance mouvementée" at a political club, and the house of "la Païva," the famous courtesan of whom the *Goncourts* give so interesting an account in their journal. La Païva is seen taking her bath; she is seen, scarcely more dressed, as the centre of a fête under the Second Empire. And all this rattles and glitters with the regular French clatter of music in the orchestra during all but the fourth and fifth scenes, for which M. Louis Ganne had written music. We are to hear M. Ganne's music, as I have always wanted to hear it, in London, accompanying the new Japanese ballet at the Alhambra. It is essentially ballet music, full of clear colour, of gracious movement, with a definite, yet not too emphatic, rhythm, beating out the dancing steps gaily.

The French "revue," as one sees it here, done somewhat roughly and sketchily, strikes one most of all by its curious want of consecution, its entire reliance on the point of this or that scene, costume, or performer. It has no plan, no idea; some ideas are flung into it in passing; but it remains as shapeless as an English pantomime, and not much more interesting. Both appeal to the same undeveloped instincts, the English to a merely childish vulgarity, the French to a vulgarity which is more frankly vicious. Really, I hardly know which is to be preferred. In

England we pretend that fancy dress is all in the interests of morality; in France they make no such pretence, and, in dispensing with shoulder-straps, do but make their intentions a little clearer. Go to the Moulin-Rouge and you will see a still clearer object-lesson. The goods in the music halls are displayed, so to speak, behind glass, in a shop window; at the Moulin-Rouge they are on the open booths of a street market.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Art.

Religious and other Pictures.

MIXOR exhibitions of pictures are plentiful this week. The sight-seer has his choice of a round dozen. Casting about for a thread on which to string my remarks, I find it in the religious pictures which, from causes seemingly fortuitous, dominate three of the new exhibitions. One of them is practically given up to religious, or as Miss Emily Ford elects to call them, "devotional," pictures. But a religious subject does not necessarily induce a devotional frame of mind. Miss Emily Ford, who shows several "devotional" pictures at the Continental Gallery, is very much in earnest. Her prefatory note to the catalogue in which she states that her work in its continuity is "an effort to find and express our touch with the Invisible," is unexceptionable, and if her imagination and technical skill equalled her good intentions, it would have been most agreeable to have written enthusiastically about her "Three Wise Men," her "Nativity," her "Appearance of Our Lord on the Sea of Tiberias after His Resurrection," and so on. But piety does not help one to paint. The great artists who move us by their religious pictures do so not because they were pious, but because they were great artists. Many feel deeply. Few have the power to make others feel what they have felt. Von Uhde has the power. That German artist is one of the few modern painters who can handle a religious subject and not make it seem common beside the majestic simplicity and beauty of the Biblical narrative. Ford Madox Brown was another. His "Christ Washing St. Peter's Feet," apart from its capable craftsmanship, has that indefinable quality (Mr. Machen, the latest critic, calls that quality "ecstasy") that lifts a painting from the ruck, and permits us to call it a work of art. I remember, and always shall remember, Ford Madox Brown's picture. Miss Ford's unconvincing figures and scenes from Biblical history leave no impression on my mind, except that it needs something more than earnestness and good intentions to impress or to uplift the world by means of "devotional" pictures.

Neither did "Christ and The Little Ones," at the Dowdeswell Galleries, convince me that Mr. Thomas Mostyn has found his right vocation as a painter of religious pictures. The adventitious aids that have been given to his work do not assist. The picture obtrudes itself upon your notice from the end of a darkened room, with the arranged light focussed upon it from above; and it is encompassed by draperies hanging in solemn folds, which surround the dim chamber in which you are invited to sit, and to be uplifted. But neither the central figure, nor the composition of the attendant groups, and certainly not the drawing of the score or so of children, made any sort of appeal to me. If any subject needs simple treatment it is this. If any subject should be removed far as the poles from any suggestion of theatrical effect it is this. I turned away, seeing in my mind's eye Von Uhde's rendering of this scene, so natural, so affecting in its unambitious simplicity.

Another religious picture of the week was M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Madone" at Messrs. Tooth's exhibition. M. Dagnan-Bouveret is a clever and able painter, esteemed in Paris, and a person of account in the art world. This

picture is admirably painted. The sunlight streams into the green-embowered walk where the Mother strolls. The Child rests naturally in her arms, its face hidden in her bosom. Her rough, creamy garment retains the sunshine, and if her face is too affectingly sweet to hold one for more than a passing moment, the picture, being well painted, gives pleasure. As a presentment of a mother and her baby it is excellent, although one feels that the artist was more concerned with the technicalities of painting than the wish to express once more the old ever-new wonder of maternity. But those haloes! To me they are unreal—insincere. If M. Dagnan-Bouveret had Miss Emily Ford's deep-moving religious belief, if he found, as she does, the inner meaning of life in the Divinity of the Founder of Christianity, then he might have made me feel the reality of those haloes. Or if Miss Ford had M. Dagnan-Bouveret's technical accomplishments, she might have thrilled me with the appearance of Christ on the sea of Tiberias. But it was not to be. Why pursue the subject? Nature has her own way with her offspring, and we must learn that way. Not once or twice has a knowledge of our own limitations led the way to glory.

To have purple drapery hanging round your picture is not necessarily a sign of glory. At Messrs. Tooth's the drapery has been taken from its box in honour of Meissonier's "Les Bons Amis." It is a tiny picture and quite up to the average of Meissonier's uninspired excellence. Meissonier had the great merit of a modest and disciplined ambition. He knew what he could do, and he performed with a capacity for taking pains that almost amounted to genius. He could paint the commonplace so extremely well that he was always eager for a new victory. But he presented a literary subject as it is, not his own version of the subject, and so, to me, the little Mauve called "The Tow Path," that hangs close by, makes an emotional appeal that Meissonier's *genre* transcripts quite fail to evoke. "The Tow Path" merely shows a barge on horseback tugging an unseen barge along the pearly-light waters of a Dutch canal, beneath a pearly-light arching sky. It is a common incident, but Mauve has not taken the common view, which makes the difference between ordinary and rare art. Such a picture as this, fashioned in its own atmosphere, unassuming, deriving nothing from any Biblical or literary association, content to be merely what it is, an artist's vision of the dignity of silent labour, with the promise of rest at the end of day under an enfolding sky, is powerful to "express our touch with the Invisible" as an ambitious, forcible-feeble picture of "The Nativity" is powerless.

This picture of the bargee is not a great work, but it is on the side of greatness, inasmuch as it is good honest painting, which escapes the charge of cleverness. Some of the most brilliant of the new, younger men, are clever and nothing else. I tried for a long time to remove Mr. Fritz Thaulow from that category. He shows in landscape the amazing dexterity that Mr. Sargent shows in figure painting. His "Golden Autumn" makes all else on the wall look grey. It is a *tour-de-force* of an effect of sunlight on hills and water that one might see once in a round of summers, and then only for a few minutes. The sun runs like liquid gold over the hills, shoots and criss-crosses through the water, and where the river is shallow, the ripples, curveting and frisking as if they had life, become a shimmer of purple against the green banks. The scene dazzles. You say: "How wonderful! How clever! What a style!" But you do not say of the little Mauve, "What a style!" There you are merely conscious that the idea and the style are one—a fine vision, suitably, but not obtrusively, clothed.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Origin of Life.

IN his *Ten Books of Archidozes*, Paracelsus tells us to take a certain preparation, and to digest it in a retort for forty days. "At the end of the forty days, you will see moving in the receiver a tiny human form perfectly distinct, but almost unsubstantial. If you feed this embryo on a few drops of human blood" [probably some herb is indicated under this name], "taking care to keep it for forty weeks at a blood heat, you will see completed the creation of a child, real, but extremely small. It is what we call the *homunculus* (little man). The art which gives it life and which can maintain that life makes it one of the most singular marvels of human science conjoined with the power of God." He then goes on to say that this mysterious little being, if kept in a bottle and dosed every day with wine and rose-water, will "discover and communicate to us the secret of things most carefully concealed." What Paracelsus meant by this nonsense—as one is tempted to think it—is not very apparent. It is possible that in rummaging among the scraps and fragments of knowledge, inherited in spite of themselves from the Alexandrian schools of experimental science by the Coptic monks who were the first practisers of alchemy in Christendom, he may have come across some recipe for the manufacture of "paste eels," or the animalcules which spring up as if by magic in a putrefying mixture of flour and vinegar. Or it may be that he was here using, as did many of his fellows, the language of alchemy to wrap up some mystical or religious doctrine that he did not dare to teach openly. Or, what is perhaps the most likely guess of all, he may have been simply indulging in the vaunting mystification or "bombast" for which his family name is now a synonym. It is at any rate plain that his story cannot be taken literally, because neither the human nor any other animal form can be precipitated from a liquid as is a mineral. The reason of this—other things apart—is that all known forms of life, whether vegetable or animal, are not simple, but complex, being made up of one or more organisms known as cells, which perhaps bear the same relation to the materials of which they are composed that the crystal does to the amorphous or shapeless condition of the mineral.

This fact will, perhaps, bear a little more explanation. If we look at the very simplest form of living being known to us—the *moneron* which stirs in the depth of the waters, we find it a small mass of albumen about the size of a pin's head, without any apparent differentiation of parts, and having for all evidence of life the power of protruding continuations of itself in any direction. When, however, we get to the next more complex form of animal, the *amœba*, we find this lump of albumen has evolved into a cell having a kernel or nucleus of harder albumen, an external body of softer albumen or protoplasm, and in yet another stage of evolution an outer pellicle or cell-membrane which keeps the whole organism together. These cells propagate themselves when they have reached their normal maximum of growth by self-division, each half appearing in turn with the full equipment of nucleus, protoplasm, and membrane, and it is from cells like these that the bodies of plants, animals, and, finally, man, are compounded. Into the life-history of the cell I cannot now enter, but I may perhaps say that with cells, as with other things in nature, many are called but few chosen, and that millions of cells must die every day in order that the whole complex may live. The body of a plant and, *a fortiori*, of an animal such as man, is in fact not a simple entity, as Paracelsus and his contemporaries fancied, but a republic of cells, aggregated together, indeed, for the common good, but competing for existence among themselves

as fiercely as do the individual members of our own communities. For the struggle for life, which is said to exist even among the stars of the sky, extends also into the remotest nooks and crannies of nature, and among the independent organisms which go to make up our material bodies, it is only the fittest who survive.

If, now, we analyse the substance of which these cells are composed, we find that the albumen is not a simple substance or "element," but is in itself a compound made up of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, with, it is said, always a trace of sulphur and phosphorus. But there is nothing in these elements, consisting as they do of the three gases and the three solids which are most widely diffused through the universe, to account for the phenomenon of life, the explanation of which must therefore be looked for elsewhere. What is it that gives to the cell the mysterious powers of growth, of movement, and of reproduction? Many answers have been made to this question, but it cannot be said that any of them are satisfactory. In the days when theology took upon itself to explain on *a priori* grounds all the problems of science, it was sufficient to say that some particle of the Divine breath first conveyed life to the world, and this would, if we grant the hypothesis involved, still be a perfect explanation if we suppose it to have been breathed, in the first instance, into the nostrils of the *moneron*—who possesses none—rather than into those of man. Even now, the so-called axiom of Virchow, who has done more than any other man to increase our knowledge of the cell and its functions, that every cell comes from another cell (*omnis cellula a cellula*), has done much to restrict the range of speculation in the matter. A guess that life was first brought here in an aerolite from another planet—which does, indeed, but throw the mystery one stage further back—is about as far as we have got at present, and even one so thoroughly determined as Haeckel on finding in matter an explanation of all phenomena, does not go beyond the oracular saying that "the infinitely manifold and complicated physical and chemical properties of the albuminous bodies" is the real cause of vital phenomena. In this excessive complication of adjectives we may, perhaps, see the confession that he is unable to form even any plausible guess on the subject.

One small corner of the veil which covers this mystery has now, however, apparently been lifted. In a communication lately made to the Congress of Physical Science held at Ajaccio, Dr. Leduc of Nantes asserted that he had discovered a way of forming cellular tissue, artificially and not in the way of nature. If, he says, you cover a perfectly clean glass plate with a very thin layer of gelatine, and sprinkle it with a few drops of ferrocyanide of potassium, you will see start into life a collection of cells having a regular polyhedral form, and containing each a nucleus, a sac, of protoplasm, and a membrane exactly like the cell of a plant or animal. He does not, indeed, say that these artificial cells have the power of growth, movement, or reproduction that we have seen in the lowest form of animal life, nor do I know what precautions he took against the infection, to use a convenient phrase, of those bacteria of which gelatine is the favourite field of culture. But assuming that these cells are really produced by the saline solution and the gelatine without any extraneous aid, we have, even if they be lifeless, a sort of hint of the process by which the first *moneron* took life. It has always been supposed that the albumen of the cell-plasm possessed a highly complicated molecular structure, although this has never been demonstrated, so far as I know, by microscopical or other examination. But cyanogen, which is one of the elements of the salt used by Dr. Leduc in his experiment, is one of the most anomalous substances known to chemistry, because, while it behaves in all respects exactly like an element, it is nevertheless found by analysis to be decomposable into carbon and nitrogen, a solid and a gas that we have already found

present in albumen. Such a duality of origin in an otherwise elemental body is found in only one other substance, namely, the hypothetical metal which is the base of ammonia, and which, although behaving like its related metals, sodium and potassium, is known to be a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen. In this connection, too, it must be noticed that the first "organic" substance artificially produced, viz., urea, was manufactured from the union of these two anomalous substances—cyanogen and ammonium. It may, therefore, be that at some period in the earth's history, of which they form almost the sole record, the elements known to modern chemistry were themselves formed by the union of yet simpler bodies, and that this process was for some reason favourable to the development of organic life. If this speculation, suggested rather than supported by Dr. Leduc's experiment, turn out to be well founded, the *homunculus* of Paracelsus, although it may never come to us in visible form, may yet be not such an impossible dream after all.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

The Raven, the Parrot, and the Pidgin.

SIR,—Like Rosa Dartle, I merely ask for information; and it is possible that my need of it may do me little credit in the eyes of some of your learned readers. The case is this. There has come into my hands an American sheet which, so far as I can judge, is issued by a Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin, although it refers to that gentleman throughout in the third person.

It sets forth that on the evening of February 11 of the present year, Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin was present at a reception given by the New England Woman's Press Association at the Hotel Vendôme, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

When called upon to speak by the lady President, Mr. Pidgin did not waste time in the usual after-dinner remarks, but intimated that he wished to call the attention of the Association to two remarkable literary coincidences. The first of these was concerned with Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and does not interest me. But the second "coincidence" (a rather velvety word considering what followed) had to do with Poe's "Raven."

Mr. Pidgin related that in 1873 Colonel Joyce, one of Poe's biographers, at the request of some friends who were assembled at the Sturtevant House, in New York, recited Poe's "Raven." Among the hearers was a young Italian named Leon Penzoni, an artist and a musician. When Colonel Joyce had delivered the last "Nevermore," Leon Penzoni was heard to remark that the poem was similar to one written by his grandfather, entitled "The Parrot." His hearers were incredulous, and in order to convince them, the youth repeated several verses from memory. He also told Colonel Joyce that "when he was next in Milan, he would refer to the files of the Art Journal of that city, and make a literal translation of the poem and send it to him."

We are then abruptly presented with Poe's "Raven" and Penzoni's "Parrot" in parallel columns, the only further introduction vouchsafed by Mr. Pidgin being this: "It will be noticed that 'The Parrot,' which bears so close a resemblance to 'The Raven,' was written in 1809, the year of Poe's birth, while 'The Raven' was not written until 1845, long after the death of Penzoni."

I shall not trouble you, sir, with parallel columns, because I am sure that no reader of the ACADEMY can be otherwise than perfectly acquainted with the eighteen stanzas of "The Raven"; but here are some of the eighteen stanzas of "The Parrot" as presented by Mr. Pidgin:—

I sit and pine so weary in midnight sad and dreary,
Over long-forgotten volumes of historic love-lit lore;
And while winking, lonely blinking,
I thought I heard, while thinking,

A rush of wings revolving above my oaken door.
 "What's that?" said I, disturbing my melancholy sore—
 'Tis my lost one, sweet "Belmore!"

The frosts of wild December invoke me to dismember
 My tired and tortured body on this dreary, dastard
 shore,
 And I trust no waking morrow
 Shall rise upon my sorrow,
 With all its hideous horror that now thrills my inmost
 core—
 For my brilliant, beaming beauty, beatific, dear Belmore—
 Lost, gone forevermore!

Open wide I flung the shutter, when a Parrot with a
 mutter
 Flew into my lonely chamber, as it did in days of yore,
 And it seemed to be quiescent, somber, and evanescent,
 As it sat in lonely grandeur above my chamber door,
 Perching on the bust, Minerva, above my oaken door,
 Perched and blinked and nothing more!

And this croaking bird is leering, demoniac appearing,
 With feathers ruffled ragged round the countenance it
 wore;
 "Though thy beak be like a carrot, you surely are a
 Parrot—
 Croaking, grumbling, screeching Parrot from some sandy
 tropic shore;
 Tell me now thy devilish purpose on this red, volcanic
 shore—"
 Cried the Parrot, "Nevermore!"

Yet the Parrot still is screeching, to my seared heart
 sadly preaching;
 Defiantly I faced the bird and bust and gloom and door,
 Till on the carpet figures, wrought up into cold rigors,
 I frantically demanded what the bird meant by its roar,
 This horrid, raving, somber, ruffled bird of the days
 that are no more
 Meant in screeching "Nevermore."

There I sat in mortal terror, denounced by many an
 error,
 With the Parrot's flashing eyeballs piercing to my inmost
 core,
 And I mused there, deeply pining, weeping, crushed,
 reclining,
 By the curtain's silken lining and the lamplight glinting
 o'er,
 Beneath its mystic radiance shining o'er and o'er,
 Roared the Parrot—"Nevermore!"

And the Parrot still is posing, winking, blinking, dozing
 On that marble bust, Minerva, just above my oaken
 door,
 And his hellish eyes are beaming like a devil who is
 dreaming,
 While the sputtering, fluttering lamplight paints his
 shadow on the floor,
 And my soul-lit spirit writhing in that shadow on the
 the floor—
 Dead and damned—"Forevermore!"

This ludicrous doggerel is put forward as a proof of a
 "coincidence" which Mr. Pidgin will not call the flat
 plagiarism that is clearly in his mind. He euphemis-
 tically prefers to "leave his hearers to draw their own
 conclusions."

The first conclusion that I draw is that whatever these
 verses may be, they are not a literal translation of an
 Italian poem, for I am not aware that it is possible to
 translate a poem written in a foreign language into
 English rhyme without considerable sacrifice of literalness.
 Secondly, in the absence of the Italian text of "The
 Parrot," I conclude that I need not accept the translation
 as even moderately correct. Thirdly, it is admitted that
 no English rendering of "The Parrot" appeared until

quite recently. From this I conclude that Poe, if he
 plagiarised at all, plagiarised from the Italian, and not
 from this or any other metrical translation. Therefore
 the charge against Poe, as formulated in Mr. Pidgin's sheet,
 rests on the good faith of a young interpreter, who had
 backed his opinion that Poe obtained the idea, incidents,
 and language of "The Raven" from a poem published
 by his grandfather in 1803 in a Milan art journal, of
 which, apparently, no copy could be seen except on the
 office file in Milan.

Thus presented, the case against Poe seems to be un-
 worthy of attention. On the other hand, I have always
 vaguely understood that Poe did derive hints for "The
 Raven" from a poem called "The Parrot." I come back,
 therefore, to my initial request for information. Will
 any of your readers tell me what is known of this matter?
 I shall not be surprised to learn that Poe found the germ
 of his "Raven" in an Italian poem, and that he made
 excellent use of his material. But how deep was his
 debt, and did it pass the bounds of legitimacy?—I am,
 yours, &c.,

Loughton, Essex.

JACKDAW.

Common Sense Education.

SIR,—The ACADEMY is not an "educational" journal, but
 its excursions into their own territory are often of great
 interest and use to pedagogues. This must excuse my
 venturing to offer a comment and an amen on the notice of
 M. Bourget's Oxford impressions which appears in your
 issue of to-day.

Cecil Rhodes, M. Bourget, and yourself are powerful
 champions against the operations of the short-sighted
 revolutionaries who see in the traditional discipline little
 more than antiquarian rubbish, designed, as one of them
 sagely has it, for "recluses."

We are threatened by, we are actually at grips with, an
 organised effort to dehumanise education in every grade
 by pushing beyond reasonable bounds the more positive
 studies to the disadvantage of the more general, suggestive,
 and imaginative. With something like the insight of a
 prophet, Rhodes saw, as we learn, that the first necessity
 for "efficiency" is such a habit of thought as will give
 men and their leaders "long" views, while cultivating
 capacity to carry these into "effect," as we say, by means
 of a liberal discipline, familiarity with topics of the largest
 general (that is, philosophical) interest, and acquaintance
 with affairs. Exclusive attention to the immediately
 applicable sciences, or arts, which our "educationists"
 would force on us under the question-begging term
 "practical," will give us some power over *παράματα*, will
 breed workmen for folk with larger ideas to exploit, but
 will conduce precious little to *πράξις*.

Felix opportunitate mortis, Rhodes has struck a powerful
 blow for common sense.—I am, &c.,

Savile Club, April 12, 1902.

P. A. BARNETT.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 134 (New Series).

Last week we asked our readers to insert in Cowper's ballad of
 "John Gilpin" two verses giving the name and history of John
 Gilpin's horse. The verses were to be inserted in the space filled in
 by asterisks below:—

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

* * * * *
 Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

We award the prize to Miss Ethel Ashton, Yarm Court, Leatherhead, for the following:—

For certes he, on Derby field
Had been a steed of fame,
Of vaunted Arab line his sire,
And Cesar was his name;
Who now away, by town and field,
Would run so strange a race;—
'Twas needless quite, so John had said,
To start at such a pace.

Our only objection to these verses is that by the line "Would run so strange a race" Miss Ashton anticipates and therefore weakens Cowper's quickly following verse:—

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"Tis for a thousand pound!"

Fifty-nine competitors have sent in verses. A great number have insufficiently considered Cowper's vocabulary, quality of humour, and above all his attitude of respect to his hero. Cowper loved Gilpin far too well to call him "this Sunday cavalier," or to make his horse reflect:—

Obedience to a master will
Had ever been his pride:
Why should he now be hobby-horse
For frightened fools to ride?

Gilpin is not frightened, nor is he exactly a fool in the ballad. Again, Cowper could never have written:—

But equine instincts bade him cast
Riders who clutched his mane;

or,

His equine mem'ry roved the past.

Most competitors fail, first, by not reproducing the classic ease and neatness of Cowper's style; and secondly, by not sufficiently keeping the connection of the narrative.

Other contributions follow:—

A stout-ribbed fiery cheanut he,
With milk-white patches streaked
Where nature's paint had given out,
Or nature's canvas leaked.
His patience, mane, and tail were short;
His pedigree the same.
His master called him Foam because
He had no other name.

[J. G. S., Liverpool.]

The Calender, his owner, could
Bestride him undismayed:
But honest Gilpin was no jock,
Nor Runagate a jade,
For Scapegoat, his great-grandsire, who
Did famous speed bequeath,
The Merry Monarch's wager won
Upon Newmarket Heath.

[Rev R. F. McC., Whitby.]

He, like his namesake "Pegasus,"
Would fly from earth to skies,
But when his fore-hoofs pawed the air
His body would not rise.
No wings had he with which to soar
To height, as well as fame;—
He needs must gallop, for he was
"Pegasus" but in name.

[J. H. K., Shepherd's Bush.]

The following additional names for John Gilpin's horse have been suggested:—

Equus.	Wandewash.	Fleetfoot.
Rosencrantz.	Hotspur.	Shuttlecock.
Joe.	Black Diamond.	Dapple.
George.	Wonderful.	Trusty.
Dobbin.	Firefly.	Cock Robin.
Tantalus.	Dob.	O'Leary.
Broadcloth.	Welby.	London Pride.
Procella.	Kilrush.	Pegasus.
Express.	Inca.	Godolphin.
Plutus.	Sancho Panza.	Rosader.
Anthades.	Privateer.	Phenomenon.
Dapple.	Beelzebub.	Swiftsure.
Dreadnought.	Manbu.	Coronation.
Samson.	Gog.	Brodignag.

Competition No. 135 (New Series).

This week (on the suggestion of a correspondent) we ask our readers to determine who is now Britain's foremost son, or greatest living representative man, be he statesman, orator, scholar, theologian, or any other character. This part of the competition will be decided by plebiscite.

That the prize (one guinea) may not have to be divided we shall award it to the Competitor who gives the right name in the best and most appropriate original verse of six or eight lines.

N.B. — As some of our readers may like to share in the voting, but may distrust their powers of versification, we invite such to send in a name only—on the understanding that they do so from interest in the result, and that they are not eligible for the prize. Their votes will then be included in the plebiscite.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 23 April, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Mason (Rev. A. I.), *Christianity—What is it?* (S.P.C.K.) 2/0
Special Forms of Service Sanctioned for use in the Diocese of Winchester (S.P.C.K.) 1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature. Vol. XXIII, Part II. (Asher) 3/0
Findlay (Jessie P.), *The Spindle-Side of Scottish Song* (Dent) net 3/6
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